MARILYN MONROE FINDS A FRIEND P. 12 • NEW YORKERS RUDE? NO #!*&%$ WAY P. 26

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MAY 2008

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LEARNING TO LOVE HYENAS

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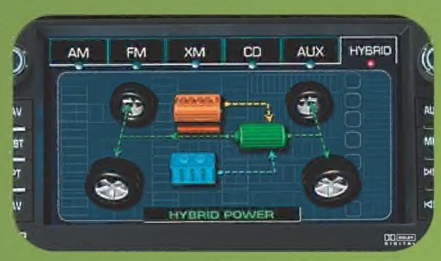

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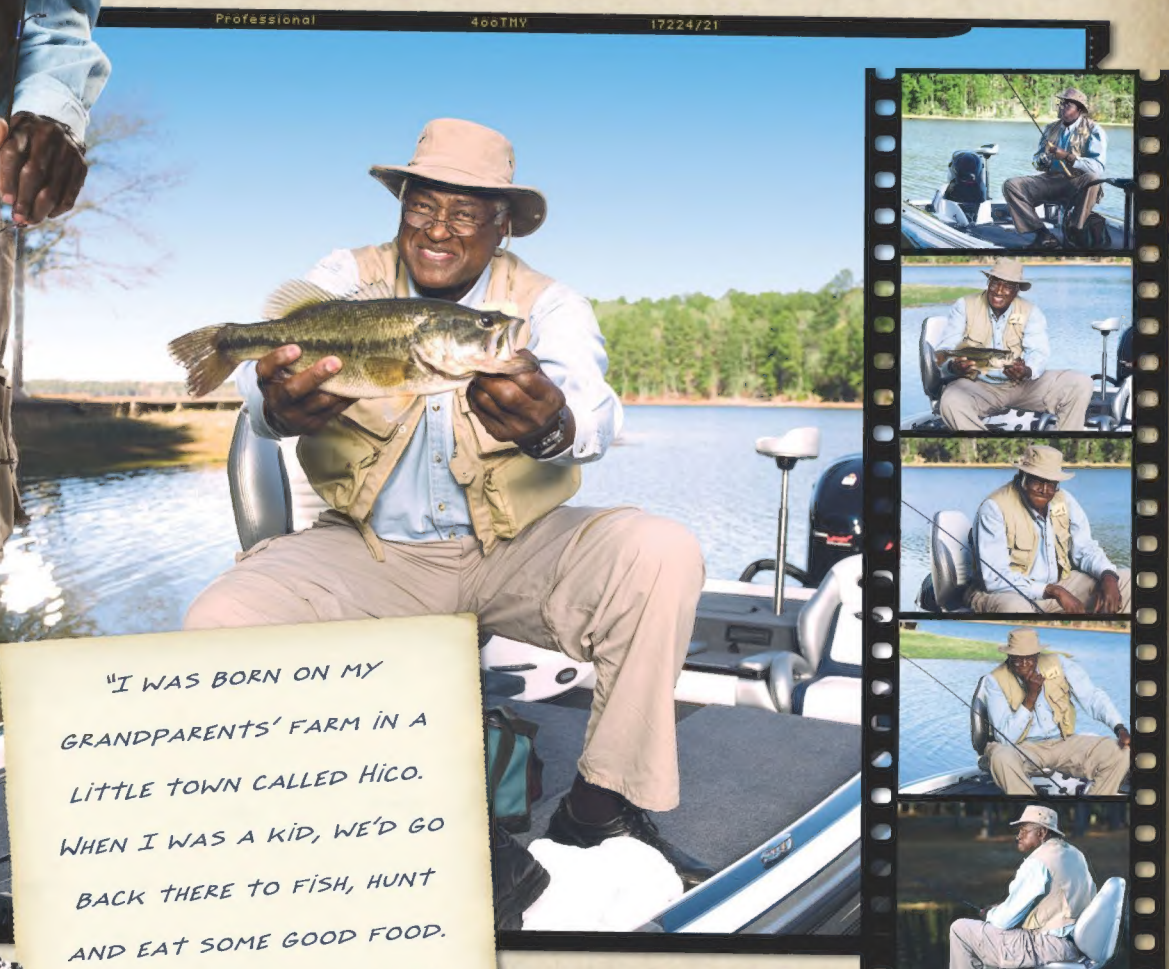
THIS IS MY LOUISIANA.

Willis Reed

Willis Reed, NBA Legend
Louisiana Native



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Smithsonian features

MAY 2008 · VOLUME 39, NUMBER 2

DESTINATION
AMERICA

46 Acadia Country
Harbor islands, placid lakes, deep forests: in Maine, a beloved stretch of coast exerts its piney allure
BY JONATHAN KANDELL
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRAD DECECCO

56 Ancient Citadel
A native homeland for thousands of years, Acoma Pueblo in New Mexico is now the site of an unusual cultural center
BY DAVID ZAX

62 The Life Aquatic With Bruce Mozert
For 40 years, the photographer's inspired underwater tableaux drew tourists to the crystalline waters of Silver Springs, Florida **BY GARY MONROE**

66 Back to the Frontier
Where can you tan a hide and play vintage baseball? At the Conner Prairie living-history museum in Indiana
BY DONOVAN WEBSTER

70 End of the Road
Winding from Tennessee to Mississippi, the Natchez Trace, aka the "Devil's Backbone" thanks to its bloody history, is a hike (or stroll) to remember **BY DAVID DEVOSS**

---

76 Who's Laughing Now?
Not the scavenger of popular belief, the spotted hyena is gaining respect for its hunting prowess, intelligence and complex social behavior **BY STEVE KEMPER**

86 Hidden Depths
Winslow Homer said little about how he achieved his dramatic watercolors. Now researchers are uncovering clues to the nature of his mastery **BY ROBERT M. POOLE**

"Spotted hyenas are the most numerous and strangest hyenas, and not just because of their sloping profile and demented 'laugh'—a high-pitched cackle they emit when frightened or excited."

"WHO'S LAUGHING NOW?" PAGE 76

THIS PAGE: The spotted hyena *(Crocuta crocuta)* devours every part of its prey including hooves, bones, horns—and fur. Recent studies help explain why the cubs of a high-ranking mother get the choicest cuts.
Photograph by Suzi Eszterhas

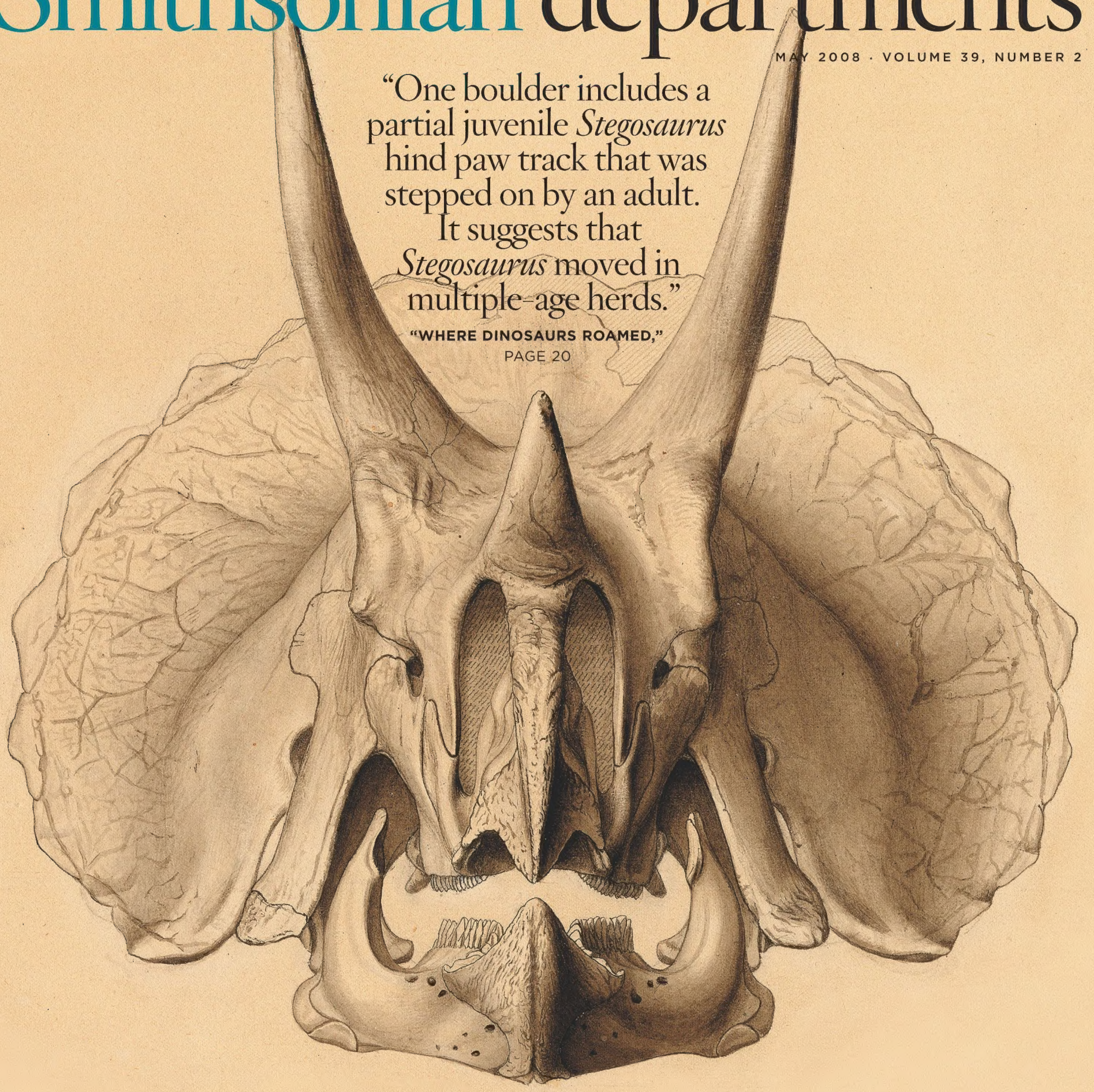
COVER: Sunrise on Eagle Lake in Acadia National Park, Maine, where industrialists bought huge tracts they eventually turned over to the public.
Photograph by Clifton Carr / Minden Pictures

Smithsonian departments

MAY 2008 · VOLUME 39, NUMBER 2

"One boulder includes a partial juvenile *Stegosaurus* hind paw track that was stepped on by an adult. It suggests that *Stegosaurus* moved in multiple-age herds."

"WHERE DINOSAURS ROAMED,"
PAGE 20



12 INDELIBLE IMAGES MODEL ARRANGEMENT
Friends and collaborators, Marilyn Monroe and the photographer Milton Greene brought out the best in each other
BY MICHELLE STACEY

20 PHENOMENA WHERE DINOSAURS ROAMED
A resurrected quarry in Colorado yields footprints that early fossil hunters overlooked **BY GENEVIEVE RAJEWSKI**

26 MY KIND OF TOWN YOU GOT A PROBLEM WITH THAT?
The renowned essayist (and Manhattan transplant) explains why New Yorkers are perceived as rude
BY JOAN ACOCELLA / PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB SACHA

98 PRESENCE OF MIND GOODBYE, COLUMBUS
Asked to name the ten most famous Americans, both young and old defy the conventional wisdom **BY SAM WINEBURG**

6 FROM THE EDITOR THE FOG LIFTS
10 LETTERS
16 WILD THINGS
18 THIS MONTH IN HISTORY
30 POINTS OF INTEREST
35 AROUND THE MALL
116 THE LAST PAGE THE MORNING AFTER

THIS PAGE: Skull of *Triceratops*, among the dinosaurs found in the mountain West. Frederick Berger/Historical Art Collection, National Museum of Natural History, SI

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FROM THE EDITOR

The Fog Lifts

As it always does, given enough time

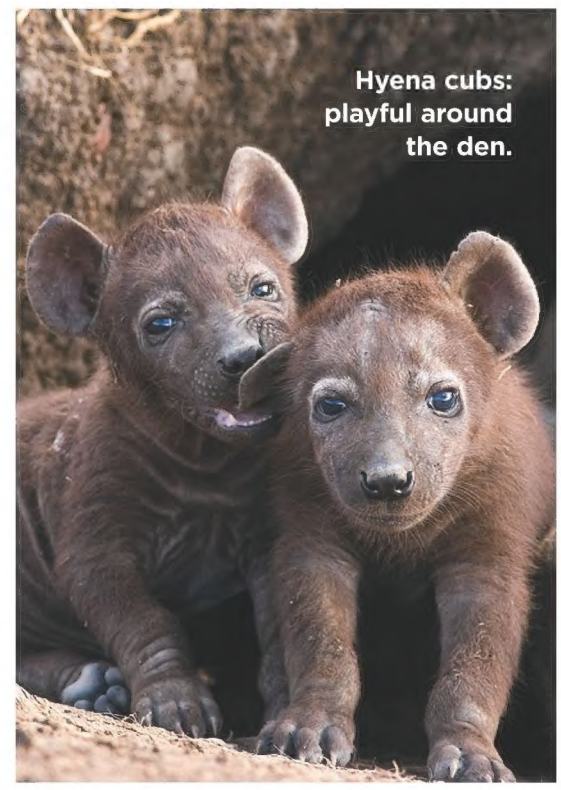
BY CAREY WINFREY

ONE OF THE THINGS that has long drawn Jonathan Kandell to Maine in general and to the area known as Acadia in particular, he says, is the ebb and flow of the waters. "At low tide, looking down at this incredible Atlantic Ocean from many vantage points in Acadia National Park, you can see people wading. Then within hours it becomes wild, crashing waves on that pink-granite coast. And the way the temperatures change and the fog comes in and out! One minute it's absolutely clear and the next you get this pea soup of a fog; you wonder if it's ever going to lift. But it always does."

For Kandell, who reported our cover story ("Acadia Country," p. 46), the highlight was taking a ferry to the village of Frenchboro on tiny Long Island. There he was shown around by Dean Lunt, a journalist turned book publisher who grew up on the island and, at one time, was the only student in its school. (Now there are 14 pupils.)

"Crossing from Mount Desert Island to Frenchboro I was the only passenger on the ferry. I was surrounded by this incredibly thick fog, and all I could hear was the sound of water lapping against the hull," says Kandell. "It was almost like a ghost ship, and I started thinking about 'The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.' Then, just as we were getting to Frenchboro, the fog lifted and there was Dean Lunt waiting to greet me." Kandell says that many of Frenchboro's roughly 70 inhabitants are descended from just a few families, especially the Lunts, who settled here more than 180 years ago first as hard-scrabble farmers and then as fishermen. "I was just fascinated because it was an aspect of Maine that I did not know about, in some ways a throwback to a bygone era. It was quite an experience."

BY THE TIME Steve Kemper got to Kenya to write about hyenas for us ("Who's Laughing Now?" p. 76), he knew that the popular image of the animals as nasty scavengers was distorted and incomplete. Even so, he was surprised, he says, to discover "how peaceful and domestic it can be around the den and how playful the cubs are. They're pack animals with a hierarchy, and they have all the different dynamics that you would expect in a highly intelligent social creature: affection, rivalry, violence, playfulness and tranquillity. It's just a whole lot more complex than what is generally understood about hyenas."



Hyena cubs: playful around the den.

SUZI ESZTERHAS

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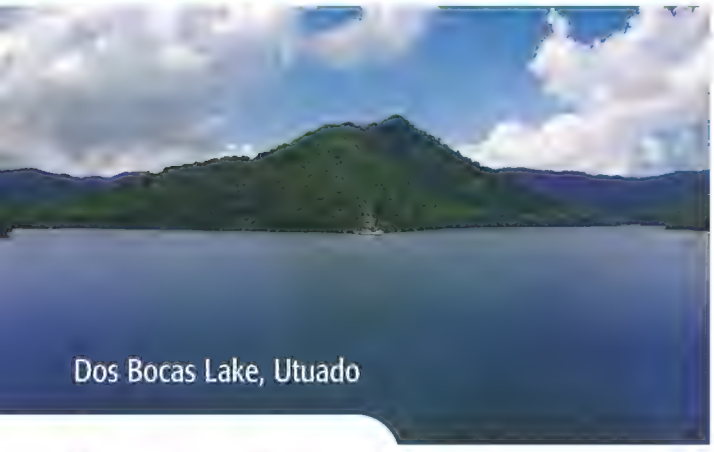


Dos Bocas Lake, Utuado

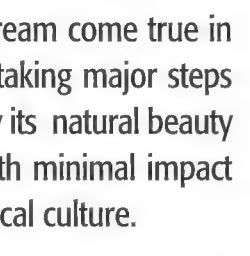
Puerto Rico: Eco-Friendly Tourism

Sustainable tourism is a dream come true in Puerto Rico. The island is taking major steps to ensure that visitors enjoy its natural beauty and unique adventures with minimal impact on the environment and local culture.

A Plan of Eco-Action A committee of experts is formalizing criteria for ecotourism projects, creating an incentive program, outlining design guidelines for ecotourism facilities, and establishing a certification and endorsement system.

Special Ecotourism Projects Several are in development, including Humacao's Natural Reserve, Utuado's Planned Mountain Region Development, and Guayama's Las Limas Butterfly Ranch. Especially noteworthy: these projects involve the economic participation of surrounding communities through the support of community micro enterprises.

Green Design Guidelines In partnership with architect Fernando Abruña, a renowned authority on sustainable building in the Caribbean, Puerto Rico created "Design Guidelines for Ecotourism and Sustainable Tourism Facilities" to clearly outline sustainable design practices for developers, architects and designers. The tourism authority also encourages hotels and restaurants to support the local economy by purchasing and selling locally grown products, goods and consumables.



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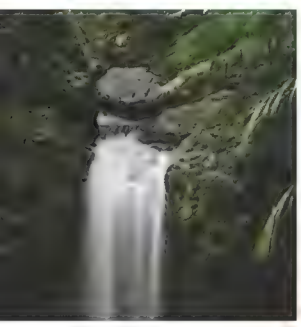

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LETTERS READERS RESPOND TO THE **MARCH** ISSUE

The comparison of George Washington's Delaware River crossing ("Revolutionary Road") to the building and traversing of the Ho Chi Minh Trail during the Vietnam War is journalistic bombast of the highest order. Portraying only the brilliance and heroics of the North Vietnamese Army denies the brutal violence they committed in the name of liberation.

THOMAS W. RASH JR., CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA

OFF THE TRAIL

THE ARTICLE ABOUT the new Ho Chi Minh Highway is incomplete. Most opinions are from the communist viewpoint. The author turned off at Khe Sanh, missing hundreds of miles of the "trail" and a host of warm and wonderful people by not traveling through the south. If he had, he might have heard very different views about whether anyone today cares which side one fought for during the war.

DEAN C. NELSON
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA

IN AN OTHERWISE excellent article, author David Lamb echoes the argument that the war began when Vietnam's Communist leadership conducted an insurgency against the South. The country was divided temporarily by the 1954 Geneva Accords pending na-

tionwide elections that were to lead to reunification. These elections were never held, in part because the U.S.-installed Diem regime did not permit them, knowing that Ho Chi Minh would win. Had the elections taken place, Vietnam may have been reunited peacefully, sparing millions of lives. Earlier, had the Truman administration accepted Ho's pleas for U.S. support of Vietnam's independence from France, the first Indochina war might have been avoided. Going back further, had President Wilson and the Allies at the Paris Peace Conference heeded the call by a young Nguyen Ai Quac (later known as Ho Chi Minh) to support Indochina's independence, how very different the 20th century might have been.

JEFFREY D. SOKOLOW
ATLANTA, GEORGIA

BEFORE Q

I ENJOYED YOUR article on Quincy Jones ("The Arranger"), a major figure in American music. But my pleasure was marred by the failure to credit Jones' forerunners. Contrary to what the historian Henry Louis Gates Jr. claims, Jones was not the first African-American to combine musical success and entrepreneurship. That honor goes to W. C. Handy, composer of "St. Louis Blues" and other standards, who co-founded a music-publishing firm in the early 1900s. Similarly, Jones was not the first African-American Hollywood composer. The real pioneer was Benny Carter, who worked for filmmakers such as Busby Berkeley and arranged for and appeared in all-black films, including *Stormy Weather*. He arranged for everyone from Louis Armstrong to Mel Torme and helped score such classics as *An American in Paris* and *The Guns of Navarone*.

ELLIOTT S. HURWITT
NEW YORK , NEW YORK

VOICES FROM THE PAST

MICHAEL WALSH'S article about long-lost recordings found at the Paris Opera ("A Record Find") brings to mind a similar experience at the Thomas Edison Historical Site in New Jersey. A colleague and I were searching for materials to use during the centennial celebration of the 1889 collaboration between Edison and George Eastman. We prodded our guide to unlock an upstairs room and found a large piano covered by a sheet and a cabinet stuffed with vertically stored paper sleeves—phonograph discs. A list of early 20th-century musicians (who may have recorded in that room) were cross-indexed to the sleeves. To date, 48,000 Edison sound recordings have been cataloged at the site.

EDWARD T. HOWELL JR.
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Model Arrangement

In Milton Greene, Marilyn Monroe found a friend as well as the photographer who caught the fullest range of her vibrant personality **BY MICHELLE STACEY**

WRITERS AS DIVERSE AS Norman Mailer and Gloria Steinem have waxed lyrical about Marilyn Monroe's enduring appeal, but they have rarely doted on her movie performances. Instead, they consider her image in photographs: the playful, precociously sexual Norma Jeane, so carefully cloaking her harrowing childhood; the iconic platinum-blonde glamour girl who wanted only to marry a millionaire; the dreamy and heartbreakingly worldly woman of the fabled "Last Sitting," photographed six weeks before she died. One could say that her greatest role was a nonspeaking one: Marilyn, the Portrait.

"She could, arguably, be the most photographed person of the 20th century," says producer and director Gail Levin, whose PBS "American Masters" documentary, "Marilyn Monroe: Still Life," aired in 2006, the year its subject would have turned 80. In justifying how Monroe could qualify as an "American Master"—she was technically not the artist, but rather the artist's muse or model—Levin told an interviewer, "Not only did she master her own image, create it and ultimately control it, she was the subject of many of the great masters of photography of the 20th century." One of these was fashion photographer and portraitist Milton Greene (1922-1985), whose photos reveal a little-recognized turning point: the moment at which Monroe began to take control of both her image and her life.

Ironically, Greene's photographs—such as the winsome shot from his 1954 "Ballerina" series shown here—have

Monroe and Greene (left: on a photo shoot in Los Angeles in 1954) had become "instant friends" a year earlier, says Greene's son. She and the photographer raided studio costume departments (right: an image from the "Ballerina" series) to showcase her range.

"She trusted him . . . so there's not that sex-goddess tension you see in most Marilyn pictures."

Greene and Monroe's friendship (he captured her ingénue side on a movie set of a French village in 1954) was over by 1957. (Greene blamed Arthur Miller.) Five years later they planned to meet again, but she died before they could.

been at the heart of a legal struggle over who owns the rights to images of celebrities. Is it the photographer who obtained a model release, made the photos and holds the copyright for them? Or is it the subject or his or her heirs? In Monroe's case, the company Marilyn Monroe LLC—controlled by Anna Strasberg, widow of acting coach Lee Strasberg, to whom Monroe left her estate—asserted a "right of publicity" to her image but lost in California and New York courts. The stakes were not trifling: Monroe has made Forbes.com's list of "Top-Earning Dead Celebrities" every year since it was inaugurated, in 2001. She was ninth last year, with earnings of $7 million.

When Monroe laid claim to her image for the first time, in the 1950s, Greene was her co-conspirator. They met on a shoot for *Look* magazine in 1953 and "became instant friends," says Greene's son Joshua; soon they hatched a plot to free Monroe from her restrictive contract at 20th Century Fox, and she left Hollywood, moving in with the Greene family in Connecticut for a time. In this haven, Joshua Greene says, Monroe and his father formed their own company, Marilyn Monroe Productions, which in 1956 co-produced with Fox (under a new contract that gave her more control over her career) *Bus Stop*, the first film to showcase her dramatic capabilities.

Meanwhile, Greene was photographing Monroe—in Connecticut, New York and Los Angeles—in ways she had not been photographed before. They raided studio costume departments for whimsical outfits; they grew playful with settings and moods. "Everything leading up to 1953 was either on-set photography or glamour shots," says Joshua Greene. "My father was determined to break that mold and capture the real person, the soul, the emotion. He wanted to show the range of her capabilities as an actress."

A radiant, natural, wistful Monroe emerged from these improvised sessions. In the "Ballerina" series, for instance, her tulle dress was too small to fasten so she clutched it in a gesture of instinctive diffidence, evoking both the demure child and the voluptuous siren. In addition to other studio sessions, Greene took a multitude of candids—at cocktail parties, in front of the Greene Christmas tree and, eventually, at Monroe's private wedding to Arthur Miller in 1956.

Monroe reportedly once described Greene as unique in her life: a male friend and protector who treated her with respect. The pictures reflect that relationship, says Carol Squiers, a curator at the International Center of Photography in New York City. "Marilyn never had a father, and she shuttled between foster families," Squiers says. "Milton incorporated her into his family. He provided a kind of sanctuary that was both professional and personal. She trusted him and relaxed with him, so there's not that sex-goddess tension you see in most Marilyn pictures."

By 1957, however, their relationship was all but over—Joshua Greene says his father and Miller differed over the direction of Monroe's career (though she also accused Greene of having mismanaged their company). One oft-repeated story from the fraught set of *The Misfits* (1961), her last completed film, has her shrieking at Miller in the last throes of their marriage: "You took away the only friend I ever had! You took away Milton Greene."

The photographer and his muse spoke to each other only one more time, on the phone a month before Monroe died, at age 36 on August 5, 1962. "They were both happy to renew the friendship," Joshua Greene says. They planned to meet when Greene returned from shooting the Paris fashion shows that fall. But by then she was gone.

MICHELLE STACEY, *an editor-at-large for* Cosmopolitan, is the author of *The Fasting Girl: A True Victorian Medical Mystery*.

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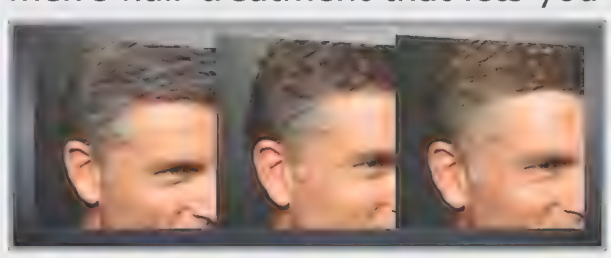

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For The Generation That Refuses To Get Old

WILD THINGS

LIFE AS WE KNOW IT

BY AMANDA BENSEN, KENNETH R. FLETCHER, T.A. FRAIL, MEGAN GAMBINO, AND LAURA HELMUTH

A MONKEY'S UNCLE

In Mississippi, newly analyzed fossils have revealed North America's oldest primate, *Teilhardina magnoliana*, a tree dweller that weighed barely an ounce and lived here 55.8 million years ago. The finding suggests that primates crossed the Bering land bridge from Asia (as humans would 55.785 million years later), says K. Christopher Beard of the Carnegie Museum of Natural History in Pittsburgh, who discovered the fossils.

FAWN PATROL

Some pronghorn antelope that live to adulthood have wolves to thank, Wildlife Conservation Society researchers say. They monitored more than 100 fawns in Wyoming's Grand Teton National Park over three years. Oddly, the survival rate of those near wolves was four times higher than those in wolf-free areas. Why? Wolves kill or expel coyotes, which prey on young pronghorns. Where the antelope roam, ranchers and hunters who kill wolves may also be harming pronghorns.

GASPING FOR BREATH

An ocean "dead zone" has been discovered off the Pacific Northwest. The water has so little oxygen that it "kills any marine animals that cannot swim or scuttle away," says Jane Lubchenco of Oregon State University. She and her colleagues analyzed 60 years of data and found that oxygen levels dropped in 2002. Most of the hundreds of dead zones worldwide are caused by pollution. But this one was caused by winds and currents that disrupted the ecosystem and fueled oxygen-depleting bacteria.

SURVIVAL IN THE CITY

Plants adapt quickly to life on the streets, according to a new study in Montpellier, France. *Crepis sancta*, a weed related to the dandelion, produces some seeds that are wind-borne and others that stay put. Compared with rural *C. sancta*, which scattered more seeds to the wind, city weeds produced more seeds that dropped, tapping into soil that had enabled their parents to survive in the concrete jungle.

NAME: American alligator *(Alligator mississippiensis)*
ON THE SURFACE: The gator uses its lungs to breathe.
UNDER THE SURFACE: The gator uses its lungs to maneuver, a new study shows.
IN THE LAB: Researchers at the University of Utah documented a dual purpose for many of the muscles that expand and contract the lungs. Underwater, those muscles move the gator's lungs toward its tail as it dives, toward its head as it surfaces and to either side as it rolls. The finding, say the researchers, explains why the gator can swim without fins or flippers. And they suggest this system is "an underappreciated but important means for other aquatic animals," such as some frogs, salamanders and turtles, to do the same.

Tour the dead zone at smithsonian.com/wildthings

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT: JOEL SARTORE; MAP: GUILBERT GATES (SOURCES: OREGON STATE UNIVERSITY, OREGON DEPARTMENT OF FISH AND WILDLIFE, NOAA); GILLES PRZETAK; ROBERT HOLMES / CORBIS; MARK A. KLINGLER / CARNEGIE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

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THIS MONTH IN HISTORY

MAY ANNIVERSARIES

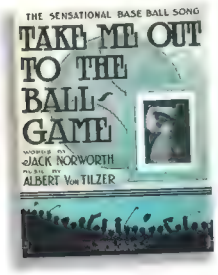
MOMENTOUS OR MERELY MEMORABLE

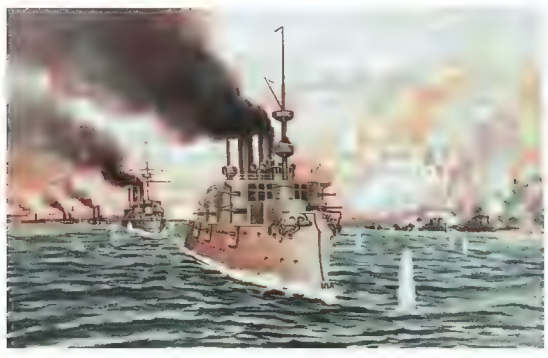
70 YEARS AGO
TICK, TICK, TICK

Oklahoma lawyer and newspaper publisher Carl Magee patents the parking meter on May 24, 1938. First deployed three years earlier in Oklahoma City to deter people from parking all day in front of shops, Magee's nickel-eating meters overcome protests—What's next? A sidewalk tax?—and spread quickly; 140,000 are in use by 1941. Today parking meters have joined the digital age: in some cities you can feed your meter with a call from your cellphone.

100 YEARS AGO **HOME RUN**

"Take Me Out to the Ball Game," by Albert Von Tilzer and Jack Norworth, is registered for copyright May 2, 1908. The song about a girl who'd rather go to a ballgame than a show gets more play that summer in theaters—illustrated by glass lantern slides—than in ballparks. But when the fall Cubs/Giants pennant race gives the nation baseball fever, three recordings of the song hit the top ten. Now a staple of the seventh-inning stretch, "Ball Game" will be the first song featured on a postage stamp, in June 2008.





110 YEARS AGO
READY, AIM, FIRE!

Commodore George Dewey leads the U.S. Asiatic Squadron against the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay in the Philippines, May 1, 1898, in the decisive battle of the Spanish-American War. "You may fire when you are ready, Gridley," Dewey orders at 5:40 a.m. By noon the Spanish forces are devastated. Dewey gets an admiralty and President McKinley opts to take over the Philippines, a U.S. possession until 1946.

60 YEARS AGO
STATEHOOD

On May 14, 1948, the eve of the expiration of British rule in Palestine, Israel declares its independence—becoming the first Jewish state in the Holy Land since Roman times. David Ben-Gurion, the first prime minister, asserts the "right of the Jewish people to be a nation." The Arab League, opposed to partitioning the territory, responds that only a unified Palestine will make the area secure. Within hours, Egypt, Iraq, Transjordan, Lebanon and Syria invade. The war, but not the conflict, ends in 1949.

140 YEARS AGO **CIVIL WAR D-DAY**

The first national observance of Decoration Day honors Civil War dead on May 30, 1868. By order of Gen. John Logan of the Grand Army of the Republic, a Union veterans group, graves are strewn with flowers (by orphans at Arlington Cemetery, right). After World War I, all American war dead are remembered. Later renamed Memorial Day, the holiday moves to the last Monday in May in 1971.

510 YEARS AGO
SAILING INTO HISTORY

Portuguese explorer Vasco da Gama lands in Calicut, India, on May 20, 1498, the first European to find a sea route to the East. Though his gifts—cloth, scarlet hoods, strings of coral, wash basins, sugar, oil and honey—are scorned by the local ruler's agents, who prefer gold, his discovery enables Portugal to dominate the valuable spice trade.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT: WIKIPEDIA.ORG; GRANGER COLLECTION, NEW YORK; STAPLETON COLLECTION / CORBIS; BETTMANN / CORBIS; DIAMOND IMAGES / GETTY IMAGES; JOHN VACHON / CORBIS

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Where Dinosaurs Roamed

Footprints at one of the nation's oldest—and most fought over—fossil beds offer new clues to how the behemoths lived **BY GENEVIEVE RAJEWSKI**

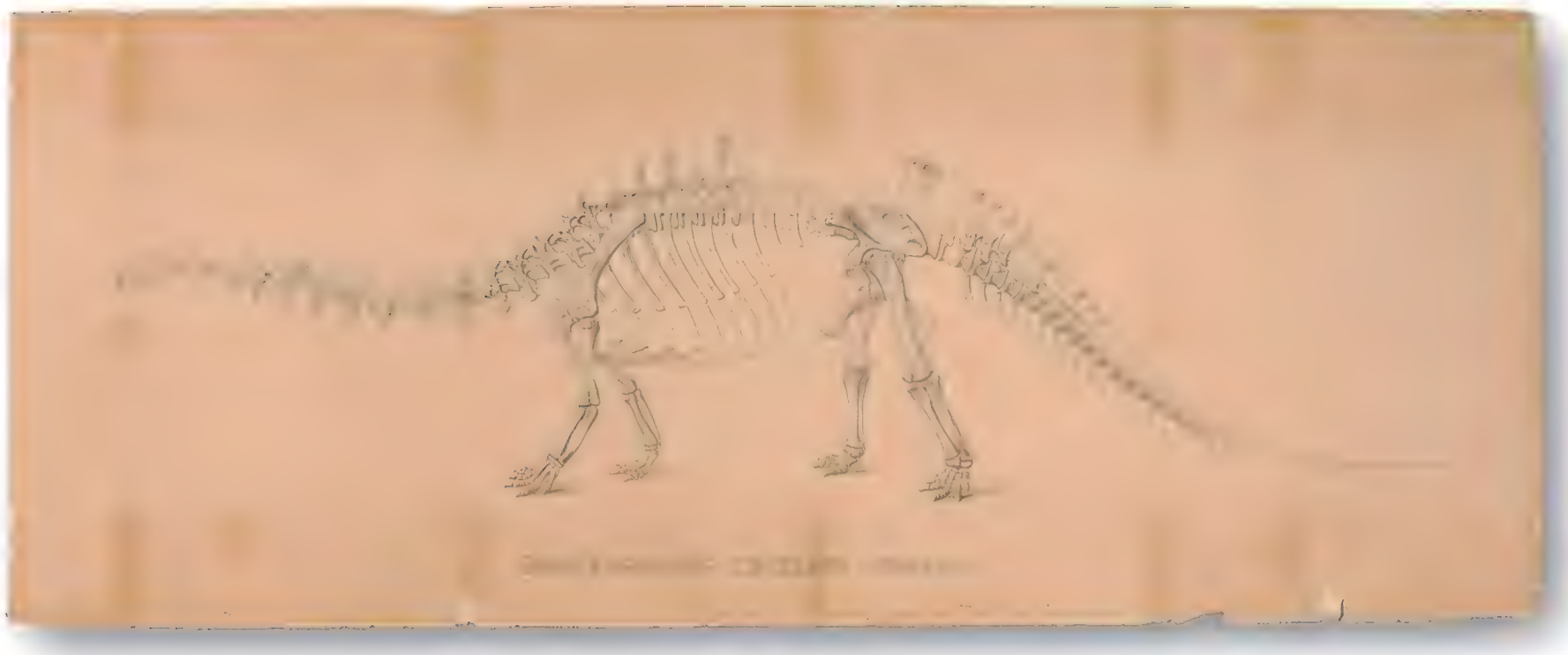
OTHNIEL CHARLES MARSH and Edward Drinker Cope were the two most prominent dinosaur specialists of the 1800s—and bitter enemies. They burned through money, funding expeditions to Western badlands, hiring bone collectors away from each other and bidding against one another for fossils in a battle of one-upmanship. They spied on each other's digs, had their minions smash fossils so the other couldn't collect them, and attacked each other in academic journals and across the pages of the *New York Herald*—making accusations of theft and plagiarism that tarnished them both. Yet between them they named more than 1,500 new species of fossil animals. They made *Brontosaurus*, *Stegosaurus* and *Triceratops* household names and sparked a dinomania that thrives today.

Cope (left) engaged in a bitter rivalry with Marsh (right), whose team's "*Brontosaurus*" sketch was mostly correct except for the skull.

One of Marsh and Cope's skirmishes involved fossil beds in Morrison, Colorado, discovered in 1877 by Arthur Lakes, a teacher and geologist-for-hire. Lakes wrote in his journal that he had discovered bones "so monstrous . . . so utterly beyond anything I had ever read or conceived possible." He wrote to Marsh, at Yale, to offer his finds and services, but his letters met with vague replies and then silence. Lakes then sent some sample bones to Cope, the editor of *American Naturalist*. When Marsh got word that his rival was interested, he promptly hired Lakes. Under Marsh's control, the Morrison quarries yielded the world's first fossils of *Stegosaurus* and *Apatosaurus*, the long-necked plant eater more popularly known as *Brontosaurus*.

Lakes spent four field seasons chiseling the most easily reached bones out of the fossil beds. Before he left the area, he allegedly blew up one of the most productive sites—"Quarry 10"—to prevent Cope from digging there.

For 123 years, the site was lost, but in 2002 researchers



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"This is the original *Apatosaurus* quarry . . . with three dead *Apatosaurus* buried one on top of each other."

from the Morrison Natural History Museum used Lakes' field notes, paintings and sketches to find the quarry, expose its original floor and support beams and begin digging once more. "The first things that we found were charcoal fragments: we were digging right below the campfire that Arthur Lakes had built," says Matthew Mossbrucker, director of the museum.

They quickly discovered that at least one misdeed attributed to the feud between Marsh and Cope was probably exaggerated. "It looks like [Lakes] just shoveled some dirt in there," says Mossbrucker. "I think he told people that he had dynamited it closed because he didn't want the competition up at the quarry—playing mind games with Cope's gang."

The reopened quarry is awash in overlooked fossils as well as relics that earlier paleontologists failed to recognize: dinosaur footprints that provide startling new clues about how the creatures lived.

The dig site is perched halfway up the west side of a narrow ridge called the Dakota hogback. The only way up is to walk—over loose rock, past prickly brush and rattlesnakes—with frequent pauses to catch one's breath. On this July morning, Mossbrucker leads six volunteers as they open the quarry for its fourth full modern-day field season. The crew erects a canopy over the pit before forming a bucket brigade to remove backfill that has washed into the hole since last season.

Down in a test pit, the crew digs into the side of the ridge, carefully undercutting the layer of cracked sandstone that served as the original quarry's ceiling. The ledge collapsed several times in the 1870s. More than 100 tons of rock crashed into the pit one night, and had the crew been working instead of sleeping nearby, Lakes wrote, the "entire party would have been crushed to atoms and buried beneath tons of rocks which afterwards took us over a week to remove by blasting and sledge hammers."

Robert Bakker, curator of paleontology for the Houston Museum of Natural Science, helps out at the dig. "If you want to understand the late Jurassic, you need to understand the common animals, which means *Apatosaurus*," he says. "This is the original *Apatosaurus* quarry, and it's a 'triple-decker'—the only one in the world with three dead *Apatosaurus* buried one on top of each other."

Most people know *Apatosaurus* as *Brontosaurus* because of a mistake made by Marsh. In 1879, two years after he named the first *Apatosaurus*, one of his workers discovered

Colorado's Quarry 10 (Mossbrucker, in blue, Doug Hartshorn with saw) is yielding not only bones but footprints rich with clues.

MICHAEL LEWIS

WHAT IF THE NEXT GLOBAL BATTLEGROUND ISN'T ON THE GROUND?

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"What's really cool about these tracks is that the baby animal is functionally running . . . just on its back legs."

a more complete specimen in Wyoming. Marsh mistook it to be a new animal and named it *Brontosaurus*. Though the error was soon discovered, scientific nomenclature required keeping the first name. But in the meantime the "*Brontosaurus*" misnomer had made its way into popular culture.

For almost 100 years, *Apatosaurus* was portrayed as a swamp-bound animal whose immense body was buoyed by water. In the 1960s, Bakker joined a handful of paleontologists who argued that the massive beasts were really more like elephants: all-terrain animals that could roam over the flood plain, through river channels and anywhere else they wanted to go.

Bakker, then an undergraduate at Yale, went to Morrison to see if *Apatosaurus*' habitat supported his idea that the beasts were mobile. But he and two students spent two years unsuccessfully hunting for Quarry 10, which aside from being partially filled in, as Bakker finally discovered, was also obscured by bullet cartridges, beer cans and other remnants of teenage outings.

Today, Bakker is sifting through Lakes' spoil pile—lumps of clay stone that the 1870s crew tossed aside—when someone in the pit excitedly calls for him. He scrambles down into the hole, where his bearded face lights up under his straw cowboy hat. The museum crew has uncovered what appear to be Jurassic-era castings of a small tree's root system. "This is a big deal," says Bakker, using a finely bristled brush to baste the knobby fossils with glue. "In 'CSI' terms, that's the crime scene floor. Victim number one"—the *Apatosaurus* found in 1877—"lay buried just above."

The clue adds to evidence that *Apatosaurus* did not live in water. The team has found layers of sediment consistent with a small pond, but none of the crocodile or tortoise fossils typically found in swamps from the Jurassic Period more than 200 million years ago. This spot may have attracted generations of *Apatosaurus*, Bakker says, because it provided a watering hole on a dry wooded plain. "If there was a forest, there would be a lot more wood—and there isn't—and a lot more fossilized leaves—and there ain't. So it was a woodland but probably a lot like Uganda—hot tropical woodland that was dry for most of the year."

The most significant recent discoveries at the Morrison quarries have been dinosaur tracks. Early dinosaur hunters overlooked them. In Quarry 10 and another Lakes quarry less than a mile away, museum staff have recovered 16 *Stegosaurus* tracks. They include ten hatchling tracks—the first ever discovered. One rock appears to show four or five baby *Stegosauri* all heading in the same direction. Another boulder includes a partial juvenile *Stegosaurus* hind paw track that was stepped on by an adult *Stegosaurus*. "It suggests that *Stegosaurus* moved in multiple-age herds," says Mossbrucker, and adults may have cared for hatchlings.

The researchers have also found the world's first baby *Apatosaurus* tracks. They could change paleontologists' view yet again: the tracks are from the rear legs only, and they are spaced far apart. "What's really cool about these tracks is that the baby animal is functionally running—but it's doing this just on its back legs. We had no idea a Bronto could run, let alone scoot along on its hind legs like a basilisk," Mossbrucker says, referring to the "Jesus lizard" that appears to walk on water.

Newfound footprints of baby *Stegosauri* (a model foot and a dime for scale) suggest they traveled in herds and were cared for by adults.

He and others speculate that adult *Apatosauri*, some of the largest animals ever to walk the earth, could prop themselves up on two legs with the help of their long tails. But others argue that it would have been physiologically impossible to pump blood up the animals' long necks or to raise their heavy front limbs off the ground.

Bakker and Mossbrucker say their goal is to look at Quarry 10 holistically—considering the local geography, climate, flora and fauna—to create a picture of where and how Jurassic dinosaurs lived. "I want to know as completely as I can what kind of forgotten world these dinosaurs knew," says Mossbrucker. "I want to see what they saw, touch their earth with my own feet and *be* in the Jurassic."

Bakker gestures toward the pit, where Libby Prueher, the museum's curator of geology, sifts soil alongside volunteer Logan Thomas, a high-school student with a passion for snakes. "It's weird that [Marsh and Cope] thought that dinosaurs were a zero-sum game, that Marsh thought, 'If Cope got a bone, I lost a bone,'" says Bakker. The goal isn't to vanquish one's rivals, he says: "the guiding inspiration for studying the dead dinosaurs is to get back to how they lived."

GENEVIEVE RAJEWSKI, *a Boston-based writer, caught dinomania as a child and is surprised by how much paleontology has changed.*

MICHAEL LEWIS

See how an animal's tracks change when it runs, at smithsonian.com/phenom

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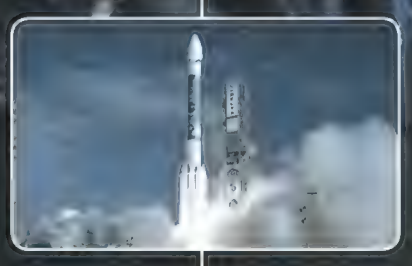

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MY KIND OF TOWN

NEW YORK CITY

There's "less separation between private and public life" in New York City (Central Park), says the author (below).

You got a problem with that?

Why do New Yorkers seem rude? A noted critic and essayist has a few ideas

BY JOAN ACOCELLA
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB SACHA

IN MY EXPERIENCE, many people believe that New Yorkers are smarter than other Americans, and this may actually be true. The majority of people who live in New York City were not born here. Indeed, more than a third were not born in the United States. New Yorkers, then, are people who left another place and came here, looking for something, which suggests that the population is preselected for higher energy and ambition.

Also for a willingness to forgo basic comforts. I grew up in California, where even middle-income people have a patio on which they can eat breakfast and where almost everyone has a car. In New York, only upper-income people enjoy those amenities. The others would like to share them. I sometimes get into conversations with taxi drivers, and since most of them are new to the city, I often ask them what they miss about the place they came from. Almost always, they name very ordinary pleasures: a slower pace of life, a café where they could sit around and talk to friends, a street where they could play kickball without getting run over. Those who miss these things enough will go back home. That means that the rest of us, statistically, are more high-strung, hungry and intent on long-term gains—traits that quite possibly correlate with intelligence.

But I think it's also possible that New Yorkers just *appear* smarter, because they make less separation between private and public life. That is, they act on the street as they do in private. In the United States today, public behavior is ruled by a kind of compulsory cheer that people probably picked up from television and advertising and that coats their transactions in a smooth, shiny glaze, making them seem empty-headed. New Yorkers have not yet gotten the knack of this. That may be because so many of them grew up outside the United States, and also because they live so much of their lives in public, eating their lunches in parks, riding to work in subways. It's hard to keep up the smiley face for that many hours a day.

It is said that New Yorkers are rude, but I think what people mean by that is that New Yorkers are more familiar. The man who waits on you in the delicatessen is likely to call you sweetheart. (Feminists have gotten used to this.) People on the bus will say, "I have the same handbag as you. How much did you pay?" If they don't like the way you are treating your children, they will tell you. And should you try to cut in front of somebody in the grocery store checkout line, you will be swiftly corrected. My mother, who lives in California, doesn't like to be kept waiting, so when she goes into the bank, she says to the people in the line, "Oh, I have just one little thing to ask the teller. Do you mind?" Then she scoots to the front of the line, takes the next teller and transacts her business, which is typically no briefer than anyone else's. People let her do this because she is an old lady. In New York, she wouldn't get away with it for a second.

New Yorkers "live so much of their lives in public, eating their lunches in parks, riding to work in subways. It's hard to keep up the smiley face," the author notes.

While New Yorkers don't mind correcting you, they also want to help you. In the subway or on the sidewalk, when someone asks a passerby for directions, other people, overhearing, may hover nearby, disappointed that they were not the ones asked, and waiting to see if maybe they can get a word in. New Yorkers like to be experts. Actually, all people like to be experts, but most of them satisfy this need with friends and children and employees. New Yorkers, once again, tend to behave with strangers the way they do with people they know.

This injects a certain drama into our public life. The other day I was in the post office when a man in line in front of me bought one of those U.S. Postal Service boxes. Then he moved down the counter a few inches to assemble his package while the clerk waited on the next person. But the man soon discovered that the books he wanted to mail were going to rattle around in the box, so he interrupted the clerk to tell her his problem. She offered to sell him a roll of bubble wrap, but he told her that he had already paid $2.79 for the box, and that was a lot for a box—he could have gotten a box for free at the liquor store—and what was he going to do with a whole roll of bubble wrap? Carry it around all day? The clerk shrugged. Then the man spotted a copy of the *Village Voice* on the counter and laid hold of it to use it for stuffing. "No!" said the clerk. "That's my *Voice*." Annoyed, the man put it back and looked around helplessly. Now a woman in line behind me said she'd give him the sections of her *New York Times* that she didn't want, and she began going through the paper. "Real estate? You can have real estate. Sports? Here, take sports." But the real estate section was all the man needed. He separated the pages, stuffed them in the box and proceeded to the taping process (interrupting the clerk once again). Another man in line asked the woman if he

"While New Yorkers don't mind correcting you," says Acocella, "they also want to help you" should you ask them for directions. "New Yorkers like to be experts."

could have the sports section, since she didn't want it. She gave it to him, and so finally everything was settled.

This was an interesting show, to which you could have a wide range of reactions. Why didn't the box man bring some stuffing? If the clerk hadn't finished her *Village Voice*, why did she leave it on the counter? And so on. In any case, the scene sufficed to fill up those boring minutes in line—or, I should add, to annoy the people who just wanted to read their newspaper in peace instead of being exposed to the man's postal adventure. I won't say this could happen only in New York, but I believe that the probability is much greater here.

Why are New Yorkers like this? It goes against psychological principles. Psychologists tell us that the more stimuli people are bombarded with, the more they will recede into themselves and ignore others. So why is it that New Yorkers, who are certainly confronted with enough stimuli, do the opposite? I have already given a few possible answers, but here's one more: the special difficulties of life in New York—the small apartments, the struggle for a seat on the bus or a table at a restaurant—seem to breed a sense of common cause. When New Yorkers see a stranger, they don't think, "I don't know you." They think, "I know you. I know your problems—they're the same as mine—and furthermore we have the same handbag." So that's how they treat you.

This belief in a shared plight may underlie the remarkable level of cooperation that New Yorkers can show in times of trouble. Every few years or so, we have a water shortage, and then the mayor goes on the radio and tells us

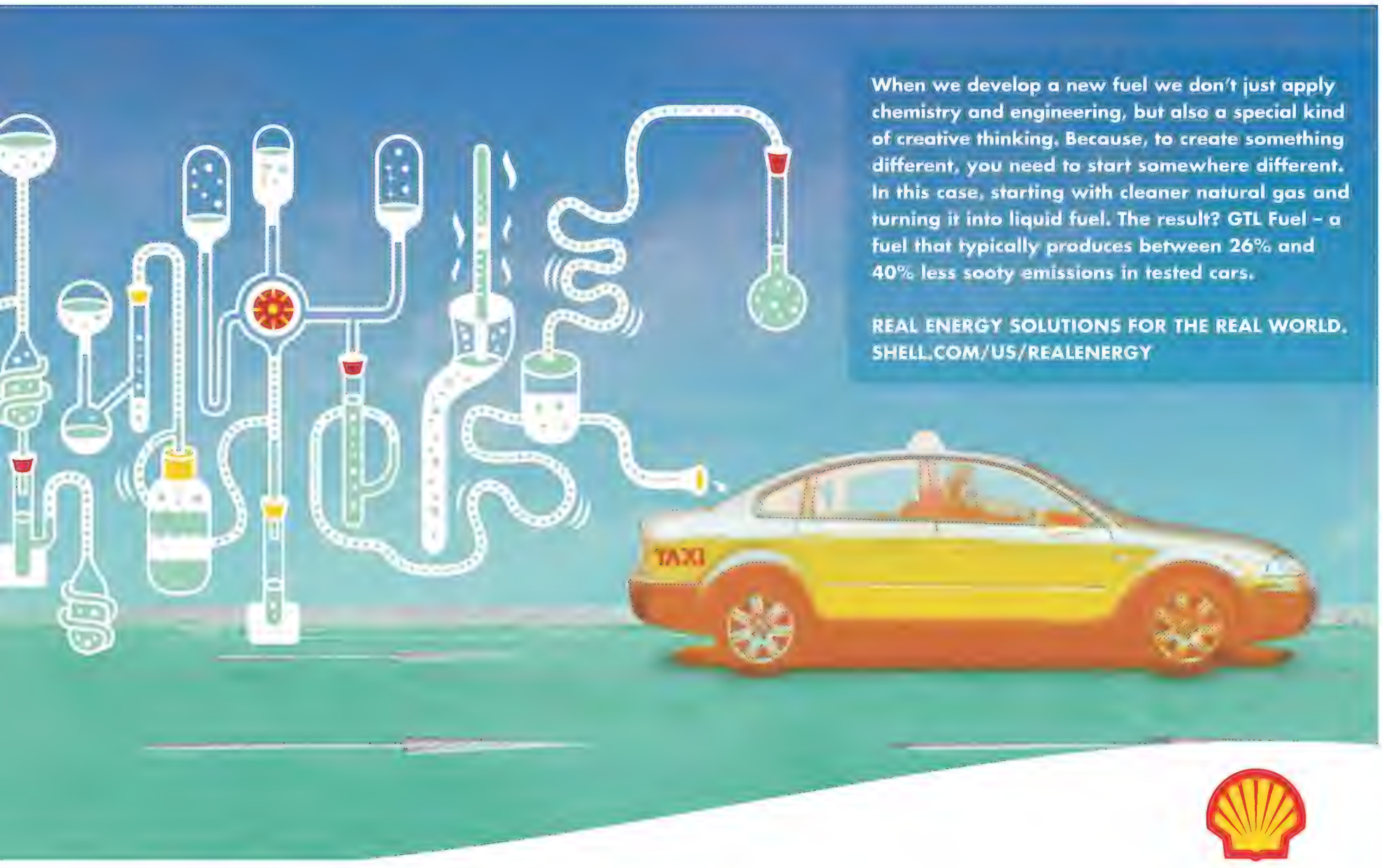
that we can't leave the water running in the sink while we're brushing our teeth. Surprise! People obey, and the water table goes up again. The more serious the problem, the more dramatic the displays of cooperation. I will not speak of the World Trade Center disaster, because it is too large a subject, but the last time we had a citywide power failure, and hence no traffic lights, I saw men in business suits—they looked like lawyers—directing traffic at busy intersections on Ninth Avenue. They got to be traffic cops for a day and tell the big trucks when to stop and when to go. They looked utterly delighted.

Another curious form of cooperation one sees in New York is the unspoken ban on staring at celebrities. When you get into an elevator in an office building and find that you are riding with Paul McCartney—this happened to me—you are not supposed to look at him. You can peek for a second, but then you must avert your eyes. The idea is that Paul McCartney has to be given his space like anyone else. A limousine can bring him to the building he wants to go to, but it can't take him to the 12th floor. To get there, he has to ride in an elevator with the rest of us, and we shouldn't take advantage of that. This logic is self-flattering. It's nice to think that Paul McCartney needs us to do him a favor, and that we live in a city with so many famous people that we can afford to ignore them. But if vanity is involved, so is generosity. I remember, once, in the early '90s, standing in a crowded lobby at City Center Theater when Jackie Onassis walked in. Everyone looked at her and then immediately looked down. There was a whole mob of people staring at their shoes. When Jackie died, a few years later, I was happy to remember that scene. I was glad that we had been polite to her.

Of course, the rule with celebrities, which forbids involvement, is different from the other expressions of common cause, which dictate involvement. And since few of us are celebrities, the latter are far more numerous. As a result, New Yorkers, however kind and generous, may also come off as opinionated and intrusive. Living with them is a little like being a child again and having your mother with you all the time, helping you, correcting you, butting into your business. And that, I believe, is another reason why New Yorkers seem smarter. Your mother knew better, too, right?

When you get in an elevator and find you're riding with Paul McCartney, you are not supposed to look at him.

JOAN ACOCELLA *is a staff writer for* The New Yorker. *Photographer* **BOB SACHA** *is based in New York City.*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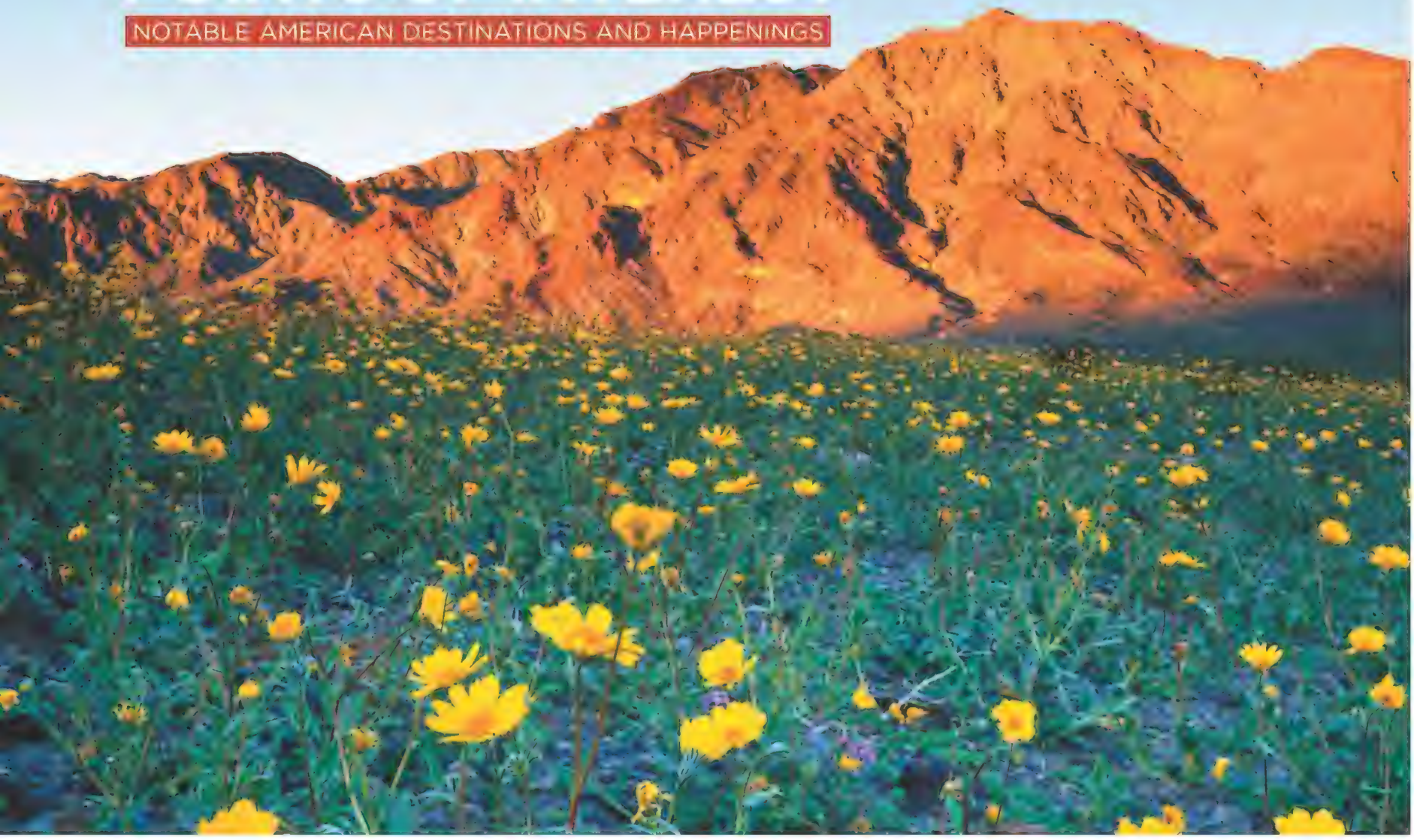
NOTABLE AMERICAN DESTINATIONS AND HAPPENINGS



Not So Dead

DEATH VALLEY, CALIFORNIA—In a land deemed dead, there's no greater adventure than searching for life. Bumping along in a four-wheel-drive and covering about 400 miles of the 5,300-square-mile desert, I found surprising biodiversity in this brittle landscape punctuated by mountains and canyons. Wildflowers carpeting the hillsides watered by snowmelt from Telescope Peak, the park's highest point at 11,049 feet, are expected to continue into June. I spotted bighorn sheep and red-tailed hawks on the craggy rock walls and wild burros in the shade of mesquite trees.

Even though it's one of the driest places on earth—averaging less than two inches of rain annually—Death Valley has more than 600 springs and ponds. Salt Creek, which meanders a mile through the center of the park, is home to the hardy pupfish. From a boardwalk constructed to protect the fragile creekbed and nearby vegetation, visitors can watch the iridescent minnow-size fish cavorting in warm, briny water only an inch deep.

Darwin Falls, a sort of oasis on the park's western edge, cascades about a hundred feet into a large pond of cool water surrounded by willows and cottonwoods. Though swimming is prohibited to protect wildlife, the spot offers a respite from the oppressive heat—which averages 100 degrees in May—and attracts some 80 species of birds. Badwater Basin, the lowest point in North America at 282 feet below sea level, has a moonlike bleakness. The vast crusted salt pan is scored with symmetrical polygonal cracks. There's no shade, and summer temperatures can reach a scorching 120 degrees. See it when the wildflowers are still in bloom. **BY MATT KETTMANN**

ALBANY, NEW YORK—The United States built 563 destroyer escorts, small maneuverable ships that sank nearly 100 enemy submarines while protecting Allied supply convoys in World War II. Only one, the USS *Slater*, remains afloat in the United States, moored on the Hudson River. It was transferred to the Greek Navy in 1951 and used in training—and movies, including 1961's *The Guns of Navarone*. Greece returned the ship to a group of U.S. Navy veterans, who towed it to Albany in 1997 and formed the

Sub Hunter

Destroyer Escort Historical Museum. The enlisted men's sleeping quarters are equipped with fold-up canvas bunks, hung hammock-style with chains. Heavy china graces the officer's mess. Morse code and sonar pings emanate from the radar room. Keg-size depth charges on the main deck look ready for deployment. **BY PAUL GRONDAHL**

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Playing for Keepsies

BONNER SPRINGS, KANSAS—Time was, kids would squat on the ground and attempt to shoot each other's agates outside a circle drawn in dirt or chalked on pavement. Although video-game shootouts seem to have replaced marble games, Bruce Breslow still handcrafts about a thousand marbles a year in a cinder-block warehouse in a suburb 20 miles west of Kansas City.

The Moon Marble Company is Breslow's museum-like novelty shop, brimming with plastic bins of assorted candy-colored, streaked and tie-dyed marbles as well as other retro toys: tea sets, Chinese checkers, tiddlywinks, Radio Flyers, Sno-Cone machines.

In the back of the store is a classroom where employees demonstrate how to knuckle down and play for keepsies. Three days a week, Breslow turns colored glass into little works of art. As kids and adults observe from gymnasium-style bleachers, he melts two or three different colored glass rods over a torch flame, then pushes a pinch of the mixed molten glass into a graphite mold to create a sphere. Manipulating the ball of glass with a metal pick, he creates the radiant color swirls favored by collectors. The marble is reheated, spun and flame-polished. His handmade beauties sell for $20 to $250, but most of the store's million-plus marbles are machine-made and some cost as little as ten cents.

Breslow, a woodworker, opened the store in 1997 and "developed a passion" for marbles after buying thousands of factory-made ones for wooden game boards he crafted. He then learned glassmaking techniques. He acknowledges that marbles are not a thriving business but also notes they're still used in aquariums and floral arrangements and as agitators in paint cans. "I'm not concerned for the future of marbles," he says. "I'm concerned for the future of play."

BY MONICA WATROUS

Shear Brilliance

BISHOPVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA—No road signs direct visitors to Pearl Fryar's topiary garden, but local residents can point the way. Near the end of a quiet cul-de-sac, not far from the pine woods and cotton fields of this dusty town in the middle of the state, Fryar's brick ranch house stands out. More than 400 carefully groomed evergreen plants billow into Alice-in-Wonderland shapes that cover most of his three-acre property.

For nearly 20 years, Fryar has pruned and twisted and coaxed not only boxwood and yew, the staples of topiary, but also holly, fir and even loblolly pine. Mostly geometric or abstract, Fryar's topiaries start modestly at the curb, then swirl in dizzying patterns around the house he shares with his wife and adult son. Transformed shrubs, resembling a gaggle of chessmen, seem to march up the driveway; trees reach for the sky in arrowhead shapes 30 feet high. Water burbles in Fryar's homemade fountains.

Now retired from his engineering job at a can factory, Fryar, tall and slender at 68, devotes most of his time to his topiaries. Using gasoline-powered shears that leave a velvety finish, he trims each plant every four to six weeks. Special projects, such as turning a lollipop-shaped live oak into a square tree with a topknot, can take years.

As word has spread about Fryar's free, open-to-the-public garden, people from all over have found their way here, sometimes by the busload. The Garden Conservancy, an organization devoted to preserving gardens, adopted Fryar's last year, and a documentary film, *A Man Named Pearl*, opens this summer. Fryar's credo—"Love, Peace & Goodwill"—not only suffuses his work but is carved into the lawn. **BY NAN CHASE**

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Around the Mall

SCENES AND SIGHTINGS FROM THE SMITHSONIAN MUSEUMS AND BEYOND

JUSTIN STEELE

From the Castle p. 36
Jukebox p. 38
The Object at Hand p. 40
Meet the New Secretary p. 42
What's Up p. 43.

ROCOCO ROCKS ON

THE 18TH-CENTURY ERA OF HIGHLY DECORATIVE ORNAMENTATION IS PROVING SEDUCTIVE TO CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS SEEKING A PLAYFUL RESPONSE TO MODERNISM

PAGE 38

Ted Muehling (in his Manhattan studio) says the 18th-century designers were "having fun."

FROM THE CASTLE

GNP or GNH?

BY CRISTIÁN SAMPER

IS GROSS NATIONAL PRODUCT REALLY the best measure of a nation's performance? Perhaps Bhutan, a tiny country in the heart of the Himalayas that elected its first parliament this past March, has a better answer—"gross national happiness." Bhutan is a land of extraordinary beauty. Most Bhutanese are farmers; teachers, artists, government workers and religious workers, mostly Buddhist, round out the workforce. Bhutan has been ruled by a 100-year-old dynasty of kings. The fourth, Jigme Singye Wangchuck, announced his abdication in 2006, supporting a democratic electoral process to turn the country into a constitutional monarchy this year.

In 1972, King Wangchuck articulated the idea of gross national happiness as Bhutan's guiding philosophy. In Bhutanese culture that means the achievement of enlightenment for each citizen and for society as a whole. Government is expected to remove the barriers that impede enlightenment—among them environmental destruction, cultural degradation and ignorance. Bhutan has carefully nurtured its forests and protected its wildlife. Tourism is regulated so that it encourages the culture instead of threatening it. Programs in health care and education combine indigenous and outside knowledge. Cultural policies keep the society vital, proud of its traditions and infused with a sense of national identity and service.

Bhutan meets Texas (El Paso's campus) at the Folklife Festival.

Visitors to the National Mall this summer will learn more about Bhutan at the Smithsonian Folklife Festival, June 25-29 and July 2-6. Some 120 Bhutanese monks and musicians, artists and architects, craftspeople and culinary experts will demonstrate their cultural traditions in hundreds of performances and demonstrations. The festival also features programs for the 50th anniversary of NASA and highlights the music and culinary traditions of Texas. Surprisingly, there is a Bhutan-Texas connection. In 1916, after seeing pictures of *dzongs,* Bhutan's decoratively painted temple fortresses, the wife of a Texas college administrator proposed them as the architectural model for their campus. The result is dzong-style buildings at the University of Texas at El Paso.

I LOOK FORWARD TO working with the Smithsonian's new Secretary-designate, G. Wayne Clough (see p. 42), who takes up his duties—including the writing of this column—July 1. I also look forward to returning, as director, to the National Museum of Natural History, greatly enriched by the honor of serving as Acting Secretary for the past 13 months. The experience has confirmed my belief that the remarkable Smithsonian truly touches the lives of millions of people across the United States and around the globe.

CRISTIÁN SAMPER *is Acting Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution.*

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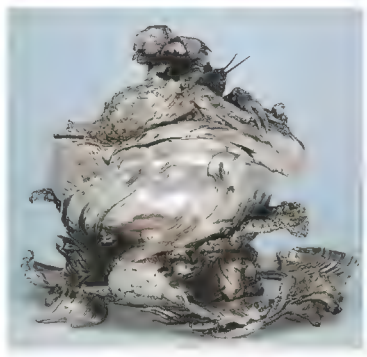
Curves Ahead

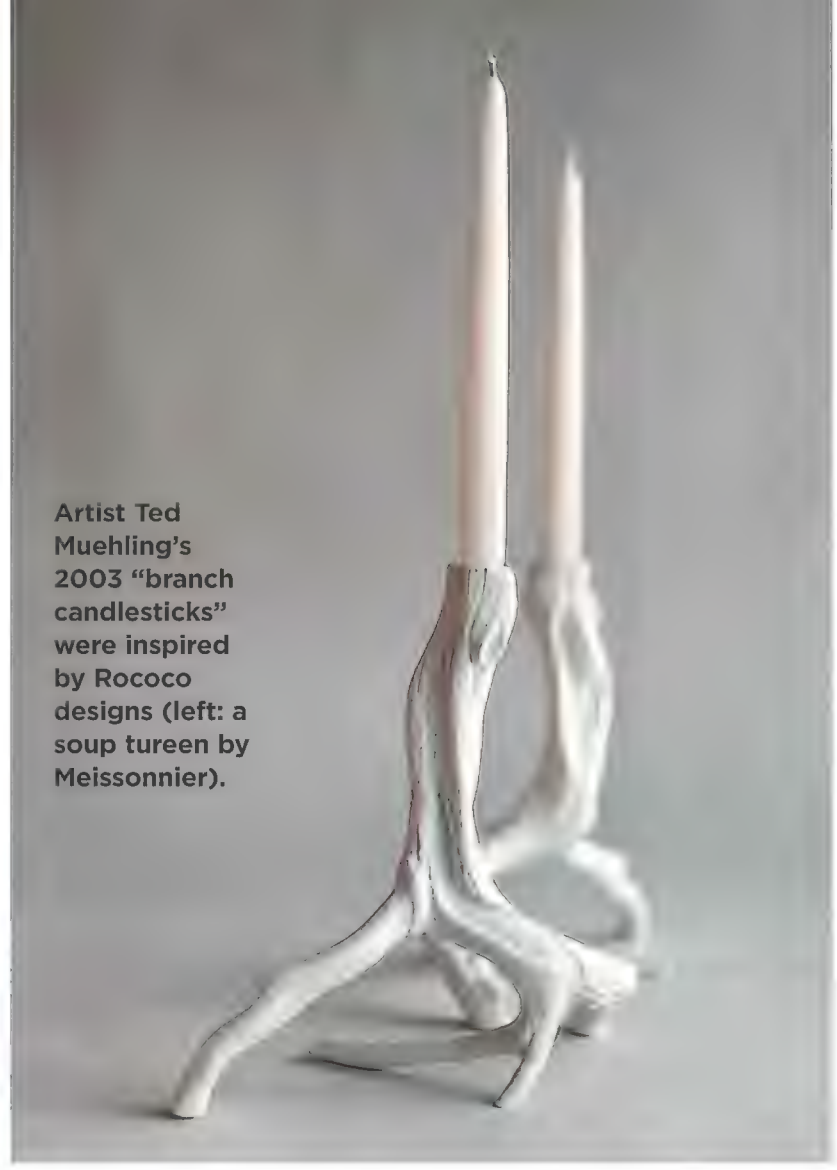
At the Smithsonian's Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Rococo experiences a revival

AMONG HIS COLLECTIONS OF BIRDS' NESTS, seashells and gnarled sticks in artist Ted Muehling's Manhattan studio is a white porcelain sea horse crafted from an 18th-century mold. With its curling tail and grinning teeth, the creature is sensuous and playful; it is Rococo at its finest.

"You can tell people were having fun," Muehling says. Though the designer is known for his minimalist jewelry, he has lately been drawing on Rococo's lighthearted shapes for inspiration. "There's a tendency for people to head toward Rococo now," he says, "because minimalism has hit the wall."



That's the idea behind a new exhibition at the Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum—"Rococo: The Continuing Curve, 1730-2008," through July 6. "I was aware that many contemporary designers were experimenting with Rococo forms as a way out of modernism," says curator Gail S. Davidson. She says she sees this exhibit as a way to get "people interested in Rococo through the back door, so to speak." Based on natural forms like water and seashells, Rococo emerged during the reign of French King Louis XV (1710-1774)—a deliberate reaction to the stiff, symmetrical designs popular under his predecessor, Louis XIV. A book featuring the designs of silversmith Juste-Aurèle Meissonnier, published circa 1748, helped spread the style throughout Europe and to America. A Meissonnier silver tureen, a highlight of the Cooper-Hewitt show, epitomizes the style's exuberance, with its curling leaves and vegetables, crowned with a crayfish and a partridge.



Artist Ted Muehling's 2003 "branch candlesticks" were inspired by Rococo designs (left: a soup tureen by Meissonnier).

"I completely fell in love with his designs," says Muehling, who was inspired by Meissonnier when he created his 2003 "branch candlesticks," one of which is included in the exhibition. The pieces, made at a Munich porcelain factory that has been in operation since 1747, were cast from wind-twisted cedar sticks.

Muehling and other contemporary artists whose works are in the exhibition can be said to be rebelling against 20th-century modernism, as typified by Ludwig Mies van der Rohe's "Barcelona Chair" or the paintings of Piet Mondrian. With its disciplined lines, modernism rejected ornamentation and focused on simplicity and practicality. Or, as Davidson puts it, "modernism had no sense of humor."

Though Muehling is a long way from the 18th century, he shares the aspirations of that era's craftsmen, who sought to transform functional objects into art. "Design can enhance something as small as drinking a glass of water," he says. To that end, one of his next projects is an elaborate chandelier. Pointing out a prototype made of cheap plates screwed together, he says he envisions tiers overflowing with porcelain gods and goddesses, with animals peering down over the edges. Like the crayfish and partridge on Meissonnier's silver tureen, their only purpose will be to delight. AMY CRAWFORD

JUKEBOX

HOT HORNS The boisterous sound of American jazz echoed among the ancient pyramids at Giza this past February. With the Sphinx at their shoulders, members of the Smithsonian Jazz Masterworks Orchestra—in Egypt as part of a cultural exchange program—played a Duke Ellington standard, "Take the 'A' Train." It's a fitting tune for traveling musicians (right: Lennie Foy). Composer Billy Strayhorn penned the song around 1939. The title came from a new subway line, the fastest way to get from Midtown Manhattan to Ellington's home in Harlem. Hear a prerecording at Smithsonian.com/jukebox.

KENNETH R. FLETCHER

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THE OBJECT AT HAND

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Composer Irving Berlin wrote scores of hits on his custom-built instrument

BY OWEN EDWARDS

AMONG THE MORE THAN 3,000 songs that Irving Berlin wrote was a tune called "I Love a Piano." A lyric from it goes:

"I know a fine way to treat a Steinway
I love to run my fingers o'er the keys,
the ivories . . . "

Of course Berlin (1888-1989), who was born 120 years ago this month, had lots of reasons to love a piano: during a long and glittering career, he created such enduring classics as "Alexander's Ragtime Band," "White Christmas," "God Bless America," "Easter Parade" and "Puttin' on the Ritz." A self-taught pianist, he may have tickled the ivories, but he played mostly on the ebonies. And the pianos he used for composing weren't Steinways but specialized transposing pianos. A lever moved the keyboard, causing an inner mechanism to alter notes as they were played into any key he wanted. In 1972, Berlin donated one of these curious devices, built in 1940, to the Smithsonian's National Museum of American History (NMAH).

Dwight Blocker Bowers, an NMAH curator and a musician himself, has played a few tunes on Berlin's piano. "The period around the turn of the century was an age of musical machines and the transposing piano was one of them," he says. "Berlin had a few of these pianos. He called them his 'Buicks,' and when I worked the mechanism to move the keyboard, it played like an old stick-shift car drives."

Berlin's reliance on the black keys meant he was able to play only in the key of F sharp. It turned out to be a liability. "It's very difficult to play in F sharp," according to pianist-vocalist Michael Feinstein, a preeminent interpreter of America's 20th-century songwriters. "It is a key that is technically limiting."

Berlin's life story—Dickens by way of Danielle Steel—clearly demonstrates, however, that the composer had a gift for overcoming limitations. Born Israel Beilin in Russia, he immigrated to New York City with his family five years later; his father, employed as a cantor in synagogues, died in 1901. As soon as the boy was old enough, he began selling newspapers and busking on the streets of the Lower East Side. As a teenager working as a singing waiter at Pelham's Café in Chinatown, he was asked to write lyrics for a song to compete with other musical restaurants. The result was "Marie From Sunny Italy," and when it was published, it earned the kid 37 cents and a new name: I. Berlin, the result of a misspelling.

Having watched the café's pianist compose "Marie," Berlin promptly sat down and taught himself to play, on the black keys. "It's peculiar," says Feinstein. "Most people would probably start playing in C, on the white keys. It

Berlin (who composed songs including "White Christmas" on the piano, above) compared classic tunes to vintage wines. "They improve and mellow with age," he said.

BETTMANN / CORBIS; NMAH; SI; "I LOVE A PIANO" BY IRVING BERLIN © COPYRIGHT 1915 BY IRVING BERLIN © COPYRIGHT RENEWED. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. REPRINTED BY PERMISSION

See Irving Berlin's 1972 donation letter at Smithsonian.com/berlin

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Turning a Page

Smithsonian regents tap engineer, educator G. Wayne Clough as the Institution's next Secretary

G. WAYNE CLOUGH, president of the Georgia Institute of Technology and a member of the National Academy of Engineering, was selected this past March to serve as the 12th Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. He'll assume the post July 1.

Clough says he'll emphasize "knowledge creation and educational opportunities."

In his 14 years there, Clough, 66, a civil engineer specializing in geoscience, has been credited with doubling Georgia Tech's research funding to $425 million, increasing enrollment and raising nearly $1.5 billion in private donations. He also ramped up humanities programs and established two endowed chairs in poetry. A poem, students are taught, is founded on structure as much as the design of a bridge. *New York Times* columnist Thomas L. Friedman championed Clough's educational vision in his 2007 book, *The World Is Flat: A Brief History of the Twenty-First Century.*

"The great issues of the day typically are interdisciplinary," says Clough (pronounced Cluff). "How are we going to grow an economy in this world in a way that is sustainable so future generations can live on this planet in some semblance of what we have today? How do you educate young people so they'll carry out these activities? How can young people compete in a world where they're going to be taking jobs ten years from now that don't exist today, using technology that doesn't exist today?" He adds, "I will look for ways at the Smithsonian for us to be engaged in these great issues."

"How are we going to grow an economy in this world in a way that is sustainable?"

Clough grew up in Douglas, Georgia (pop. 11,246), about 180 miles southeast of Atlanta. His parents, Bessie and Daniel, operated the town's ice and coal plant. So strong was their desire to see their three children receive an advanced education that they timed the births to occur every four years, the better to manage college tuition. Wayne earned bachelor's and master's degrees at Georgia Tech and a doctorate at the University of California at Berkeley. He is married to the former Anne Robinson, whom he met in middle school. The couple have two grown children, Matthew, 40, and Eliza Pritchett, 36.

Clough will take over from Cristián Samper, who has served as Acting Secretary since Lawrence M. Small resigned in March 2007 amid criticism over his expenses. Clough faces what the *Washington Post* has called "daunting challenges," including a $2.5 billion backlog in building repairs and improvement projects around the Institution, which comprises 19 museums and galleries, nine research facilities and the National Zoo. He says he'll spend a lot of time listening to the Smithsonian staff and community in his first 100 days.

The incoming Secretary says he first visited the Smithsonian as a young man. Perhaps not surprisingly, this author of dozens of academic papers on geotechnical subjects says one of his favorite Smithsonian artifacts is the Hope Diamond. But then he demurs: "It's so difficult to pick just one thing."

BETH PY-LIEBERMAN

Visit Smithsonian.com/clough to read our interview with the new Secretary

probably wasn't a choice; he started hitting the black keys, and that's where he stayed." Feinstein adds: "What's remarkable about Berlin is his evolution. Listening to 'Marie From Sunny Italy,' you wouldn't think that there's a musical future there."

Berlin wrote both the music (in F sharp, naturally) and lyrics for the first of his huge hits, "Alexander's Ragtime Band," in 1911. But F sharp was not the key that sheet music publishers wanted—hence the need for a piano that would produce his popular tunes in popular keys.

Berlin's stick-shift Buicks were the medium but not the message. "I don't think [the transposing piano] affected the music itself," says Bowers. "It just let him translate what he was

Berlin wrote 3,000 songs (including "I Love a Piano" from 1915) in F sharp—"The only key I can play," he said.

hearing in his head." And what Berlin heard in his head, millions have been hearing in their hearts for nearly 100 years. Once asked about Berlin's place in American music, composer Jerome Kern responded: "Irving Berlin has no place in American music—he *is* 'American music.'"

OWEN EDWARDS *is a freelance writer and author of the book* Elegant Solutions.

MANUEL BALCE CENETA / AP IMAGES; ILOVEAPIANO.COM

What's Up

CLASSIC CELEBS

Edward Steichen photographed icons of the early 20th century—like Chinese-American starlet Anna May Wong (1930)—for Condé Nast Publications. The exhibit at the Portrait Gallery runs until September 1.

SOUND AND COLOR

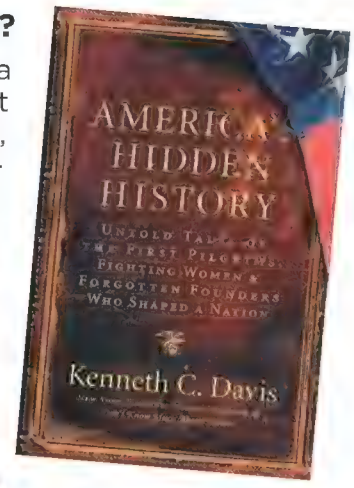
Jazz music and African art inspired Harlem Renaissance painter Aaron Douglas in works like *Aspiration* (1936). See his paintings at American Art through August 3.

ONE MAN'S TRASH. . .

Ghanaian artist El Anatsui collected 31,500 lids from Peak brand condensed milk cans to create *Peak Project* (1999). His work, at African Art until September 7, sheds light on waste and consumption.

DID YOU KNOW?

Discover why there's a statue of Benedict Arnold's boot in Saratoga, New York, and other little-known, surprising facts in *America's Hidden History* by Kenneth C. Davis, new from Smithsonian Books.



THE ART OF MAKING TEA

Japanese elites brewed fine Chinese tea in this tiny pot, then sipped from small cups to savor the expensive drink. Sample "Tea for Everyone" at the Freer until September 7.

BY KENNETH R. FLETCHER

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FINE ARTS MUSEUMS OF SAN FRANCISCO; EDWARD STEICHEN, *ANNA MAY WONG*, 1930. NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, SI; MARTIN BARLOW / ORIEL MOSTYN GALLERY / AFRICAN ART, SI; SI BOOKS; OKUDA MOKUHAKU / FREER GALLERY OF ART, SI

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Smithsonian
MAY 2008 · VOLUME 39, NUMBER 2

DESTINATION AMERICA

NOTABLE PLACES TO EXPLORE

PAGE 56 ANCIENT CITADEL
PAGE 70 END OF THE ROAD
PAGE 66 BACK TO THE FRONTIER
PAGE 46 ACADIA COUNTRY
PAGE 62 THE LIFE AQUATIC

HOTSPOTS AND HIGHLIGHTS

1 THE CHICAGO BLUES FESTIVAL
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
JUNE 5 TO 8
Texas guitarist Johnny Winter opens four days of performances showcasing such greats as guitarist B.B. King and singer Koko Taylor.

2 INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF ARTS & IDEAS
NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT
JUNE 14 TO 28
Music, dance, theater and speakers from around the world open in many venues, including the New Haven Green, a public space laid out in 1638.

3 JUNETEENTH CELEBRATION
HOUSTON, TEXAS
JUNE 19
On June 19, 1865, two months after the Civil War ended, a Union general traveled to Texas and declared slaves there to be free. This year's celebration includes zydeco, blues and gospel concerts.

4 NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN DAYS
BROWNING, MONTANA
JULY 10 TO 13
Tepees rise on the Blackfeet tribe's powwow grounds for a parade as well as drumming and dance competitions.

5 THE CALIFORNIA RODEO
SALINAS, CALIFORNIA
JULY 17 TO 20
Nearly 1,000 contestants test their skills in challenges that include calf roping, steer wrestling and bareback riding.

6 FESTIVAL BETANCES
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
JULY 18 TO 20
Dr. Ramón Betances strove to end slavery and Spanish colonial rule in 19th-century Puerto Rico. Some 1,700 miles to the north, Boston's Latino community celebrates his heroic efforts with ethnic music, dance and food.

7 TARGHEE FEST
GRAND TARGHEE RESORT, ALTA, WYOMING
JULY 18 TO 20
Stars include singer-songwriter Emmylou Harris, blues great Taj Mahal and singer-songwriter Lyle Lovett, performing in the shadow of the Grand Teton.

8 UPTOWN ART FAIR
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA
AUGUST 1 TO 3
Some 350 artists set up a street market to peddle crafts from paintings to glass sculpture and jewelry.

9 WASHINGTON STATE INTERNATIONAL KITE FESTIVAL
LONG BEACH, WASHINGTON
AUGUST 18 TO 24
On a half-mile stretch of coast, kites of every stripe swoop overhead. One event features a synchronized demonstration known as kite ballet.

10 THE HOOD TO COAST RELAY
MOUNT HOOD TO SEASIDE, OREGON
AUGUST 22 TO 23
For the first relay in 1982, eighty runners raced in teams from the flanks of Mount Hood to Portland and the Pacific Ocean, covering nearly 200 miles. The race now attracts thousands who run "the mother of all relays."

11 FROG FESTIVAL
RAYNE, LOUISIANA
SEPTEMBER 5 TO 7
In the 1880s, the "frog capital of the world" shipped these amphibians to fine eateries from New York to Paris. Harking back to that quirky history, an old-fashioned frog racing and jumping contest is still going strong.

KENNETH R. FLETCHER

ILLUSTRATED MAPS BY RODICA PRATO

ACADIA COUNTRY

ANCHORED BY THE SPECTACULAR NATIONAL PARK, THE RUGGED, ISLAND-DOTTED COASTAL REGION OF MAINE DISTILLS THE DOWN EAST EXPERIENCE

BY JONATHAN KANDELL • PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRAD DECECCO

AT ONLY 1,530 FEET, Mount Desert Island's Cadillac Mountain, in Maine's Acadia National Park, lays a singular claim to fame: it is the highest point on the eastern coastline of the Americas, from Canada all the way south to Rio de Janeiro in Brazil. But for anyone standing on Cadillac's summit on a brilliant summer afternoon, it's the view, not the statistic, that dazzles. To the west, ponds and lakes glisten in dense forests. To the east, a green tapestry of pine and spruce trees stretches to the outskirts of Bar Harbor. Beyond that seacoast village, yachts and sailboats ply the icy Atlantic waters off the four Porcupine Islands in Frenchman Bay.

At low tide, it's possible to cross the sandbar separating Bar Harbor from its closest offshore island. But now, in early afternoon, the tide is rising: whitecapped

DESTINATION

AMERICA

PANORAMIC PROSPECT
Mount Desert Island, where hikers trek and ponds beckon (inset: c. 1935 postcard) has long attracted visitors. "From our elevation," wrote painter Frederic Church in 1850, "we had the whole of the seaward part of the island at our feet."

waves crash against a pink-granite coast. Each year, more than four million visitors converge on the summer playground known as the Acadia region of Maine, centered on 108-square-mile Mount Desert Island and the national park, and stretching from the Penobscot River on the west to the eastern border of Hancock County. "Acadia," or L'Acadie to the early French adventurers, likely derives from a corruption of Arcadia, the remote province in ancient Greece portrayed in legend as an earthly paradise.

CREATING A SANCTUARY: **Inspired by conservationist George Dorr (left), John D. Rockefeller Jr. (above: with his son Winthrop in Maine, 1915) donated land and, into the 1930s, constructed carriage roads (above) for Acadia National Park (below: map). Although some wealthy residents opposed him, Rockefeller would later write: "The obstacles . . . had to be borne because the ultimate goal was worthwhile."**

Acadia has attracted warm-weather travelers for nearly 150 years. In the late 19th century, the barons of the Gilded Age, among them Rockefellers, Morgans and Vanderbilts, summered here. Initially, they were drawn to Mount Desert Island by their admiration for the works of several New York and Boston artists, including Thomas Cole and Frederic Church, who had come here in the mid-1800s to paint the isolated wilderness. Their patrons wanted to experience—as well as own—the scenery depicted in these works. "They were people with Newport 'cottages' who wanted to get away from traditional summer resorts," says Marla O'Byrne, president of Friends of Acadia, a nonprofit organization created in 1986 to help protect and maintain the national park.

The wealthy vacationers soon built manors and gardens on a grand scale. Yet they also understood the need to protect the wilderness around them. Several decades earlier, Henry David Thoreau had warned in *The Maine Woods* that unchecked expansion of the lumber industry was stripping Maine of its splendid pine forests. Voicing a then radical notion, Thoreau claimed that the pine was "as immortal as I am, and perchance will go to as high a heaven, there to tower above me still." At first, few among the Newport set may have shared Thoreau's sensibilities. (Indeed, some had made their fortunes from lumber.) By the late 1800s, however, new technologies for processing timber were threatening even the summer refuge of the very rich. "The invention of the portable sawmill is what really scared them," says Sheridan Steele, superintendent of Acadia National Park since 2003.

Beginning in 1901, the Rockefellers and others bought up huge tracts of Mount Desert Island's forests, setting the land aside for eventual recreational use by the public. They lobbied Washington to declare this wilderness the first national park east of the Mississippi; Congress did so in 1919. The individual most responsible for the creation of the park was George B. Dorr (1853-1944). His friend, Harvard University president Charles W. Eliot, a summer resident of Mount Desert Island, called for an association of like-minded neighbors to protect the island's natural beauty. The Rockefellers, Morgans and other families responded generously. Mount Desert received its name from the French explorer Samuel de Champlain, who in 1604 described the Isle des Monts-Déserts ("island of bare-topped mountains").

John D. Rockefeller Jr. (1874-1960) donated huge tracts of land to the park. "Of course," adds his grandson David Rockefeller Jr. (who spends each August on Mount Desert Island), "his unique contribution was helping to design the carriage roads that thread through the park and make it so accessible to horseback riders, cyclists and pedestrians." Between 1913 and 1939, David's grandfather built 45 miles of horse-drawn-carriage trails and stone bridges on the 11,000 acres he owned before donating the land to the park. The trails forestalled the growing menace of automobiles, today confined to the Loop Road, a 20-mile, two-lane thoroughfare on the eastern side of the island.

Acadia National Park expanded piecemeal to 35,000 acres—the last major donation, of 3,000 acres, from the Bowditch family, was made in 1943. All but a few thousand acres lie on Mount Desert Island; the remaining parcels are scattered on smaller, nearby islands. Three miles southwest of Mount Cadillac, the cold, clear waters of Jordan Pond—actually a lake formed by glaciers 10,000 years ago—are flanked by Penobscot Mountain on

ROCKEFELLER ARCHIVE CENTER (3); NATIONAL PARK SERVICE; MAP: RODICA PRATO; P. 47 (INSET) MAINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

TRANQUIL HAVEN
On the picturesque Blue Hill Peninsula, the village of South Brooksville (site of Betsy's Cove) lies in a locale so rich in scenery and artisans' studios that it is sometimes referred to as the "Fertile Crescent."

the west and by a formation known as "the Bubbles," a pair of rounded mountains lying immediately to the northeast. A flat trail skirts Jordan's 3.6-mile shoreline. One of the original Rockefeller carriage trails, screened by pines, birches and maples, follows a ridge that rises 50 to 200 feet above the water. (Today, bicyclists pedal its dirt-and-gravel surface.)

Jordan Pond also serves as a starting point for treks to Penobscot Mountain or the Bubbles. Acadia Park's capacity to accommodate just about any visitor, whether a picnicker or a serious hiker, in so limited a space—while retaining its wilderness character—makes it uniquely successful.

Writer **JONATHAN KANDELL** *lives in New York City.*
Photographer **BRAD DECECCO** *is based in Brooklyn, New York.*

"You get the feeling you are in a much larger park," says superintendent Steele.

SINCE THE LATE 1800S, when privileged vacationers first settled here, the town of Bar Harbor (pop. 4,820) has been Mount Desert Island's largest community. The original lavish residences reflected architectural styles ranging from Colonial Revival to Italianate. Guests often arrived by yacht, their hosts awaiting them at private docks and whisking them up to broad porches overlooking the harbor, where cocktails were served.

This charmed existence ended with the great fire of October 1947, which incinerated thousands of acres of forest in Acadia National Park and roared into Bar Harbor it-

self. "It divides the town's history into B.C. and A.D.," says year-round resident James Blanchard III, whose 20-room, white-columned Colonial Revival-style house dates from 1893. As the blaze approached, panicked inhabitants crowded on docks awaiting evacuation, or worse.

At the last moment, the wind shifted; the blaze retreated toward the forest. But as flames leapt from roof to roof, many of the mansions—some 60 in all—were destroyed. Blanchard's house, its roof shingled in asphalt rather than wooden shakes, was spared, although some of the towering pine trees in the garden bear scorch marks. "The fire flattened Bar Harbor," says Blanchard, who today leads efforts to preserve the remaining showplaces. "Town officials decided to shift the community's focus from elite to mass tourism, and encouraged the development of motels, inns and commerce. The old guard didn't like the hurly-burly and moved to Northeast Harbor." That community (pop. 527), still resolutely posh, lies 12 miles south.

During the summer, Bar Harbor's Main Street is thronged with vacationers served by boutiques and restaurants. Yet only a couple of blocks away, on the edge of the Atlantic, the town can seem as tranquil as old-timers remember it. A gravel path skirts the harbor along rocky beaches, where families wade in frigid waters at low tide, and continues past the few surviving mansions.

The only one permitting limited public access is the 31-room La Rochelle, completed in 1903 for George S. Bowdoin, a partner of J. P. Morgan. It was, according to the property's former caretaker, George Seavey, the first Bar Harbor residence with electricity; even its two doghouses reportedly boasted lights and running water. The gardens were designed by the distinguished landscape architect Beatrix Farrand (1872-1959), who also created Washington, D.C.'s Dumbarton Oaks. (Her garden at La Rochelle no longer exists.) The estate was sold in the 1940s to Tristram C. Colket. In 1973, the Colket family donated the property to a nondenominational Christian charity, the Maine Sea Coast Mission, now headquartered here.

ON NATIVE SOIL
Organic-farming guru Eliot Coleman (top: with his wife, writer Barbara Damrosch, at their produce stand on Cape Rosier) oversees a thriving vegetable business. Writer Dean Lunt (right) grew up on tiny Long Island, where his father, David (far right), still manages the family lobster business and his brothers are lobstermen. "There were no phones," recalls Dean, 44, "until I was 17 years old."

In 1905, two Congregational clergymen from Mount Desert Island had organized the Sea Coast Mission to improve the health and spiritual well-being of lobstermen, farmers and their families living on a score of islands along the coast from Eastport to Kittery. Physicians and ministers, transported on a Mission vessel, visited islanders frequently. "We still take nurses out there," says Seavey. The Mission usually carries a minister on board to help lead services in island churches and chapels, or occasionally on the vessel itself.

Nowadays, most visitors reach the outer islands by ferry from Mount Desert Island. The Cranberry Isles—one to five miles to the south—are popular destinations, with boat service from Southwest Harbor to Great Cranberry Island and Islesford, both ideal for biking. Fewer tourists go to Long Island, eight miles out at sea and reachable by a Friday, round-trip passenger ferry operating April to November out of Mount Desert Island's Bass Harbor. Long Island is home to the tiny village of Frenchboro, famous as a traditional center of lobster fishing. Months earlier, I had happened across *Hauling by Hand*, Dean Lawrence Lunt's 1999 account of growing up there. "My view of island reality," he wrote, "is a heritage of endless labor, the sea, raw winter days, glorious summer mornings and crisp fall afternoons on the Atlantic Ocean."

There is but one overnight room available on the island;

"MY VIEW OF ISLAND REALITY IS A HERITAGE OF ENDLESS LABOR, THE SEA, RAW WINTER DAYS, GLORIOUS SUMMER MORNINGS AND CRISP FALL AFTERNOONS ON THE ATLANTIC OCEAN."

Frenchboro's tourists are day-trippers, most arriving by yacht or sailboat. On a cool July morning, I am the sole passenger aboard the ferry as it heads into a pea-soup fog. The only visible objects during the crossing are lobster buoys, bobbing a few feet off starboard and signaling lobster traps at the bottom of the Atlantic.

Dean Lunt greets me at the mist-shrouded Frenchboro dock on the northern end of the island; the 44-year-old author has offered to act as my guide. Owner of Islandport Press in Portland, a publisher of books specializing in Maine and its history, Dean is a descendant of the clan that first settled Frenchboro in the 1820s. Around 1900, it became an outpost for lobster fishing with nearly 200 inhabitants. By the early 1970s, however, the island's population had dwindled to fewer than 40, clustered on a deep, narrow inlet protected from all-too-frequent storms. At one point, Dean had been the only pupil in the one-room school. "There were no phones [here] until I was 17 years old," says Lunt, as we drive in a pickup truck to his parents' home, less than a mile away.

In recent years, record harvests of lobster and a surging demand for the delicacy have brought near-prosperity here. The population has increased to about 70, including 14 students in

what is now a two-room, white-clapboard schoolhouse offering instruction through the eighth grade. (Most youngsters then attend school on Mount Desert Island.) Just about everyone has access to satellite television and broadband Internet.

MANY HOUSES–wood-frame structures from the 1800s and early 1900s for the most part—appear to be under renovation, their tiny rose gardens fenced to discourage the deer that abound on this nine-square-mile, flounder-shaped island. Newly expanded houses encroach on family cemeteries clinging to steep slopes above the harbor. "Relatives going back to my great-great-great-grandfather are buried just over here," says Lunt, pointing to a grassy plot a few hundred yards from his parents' home. The white-marble tombstone of a Civil War veteran reads: "Hezekiah Lunt, private, July 2, 1833 to January 29, 1914."

When the sun burns away the fog, I follow Lunt down a narrow path and wooden stairway from his parents' house to the docks. Lobster boats unload their catches at the wharf, where they are weighed and purchased at $6.75 a pound by Dean's father, David, 70, proprietor of Lunt & Lunt Lobster Company, founded by the family in 1951. (Both of Dean's brothers, Daniel and David, are lobstermen.) There is no single explanation for record catches along Maine's coast during the past five years. Dean Lunt believes that a major reason is the overfishing and sharp decline of cod, a predator of lobster fry.

Some of the catch ends up at Lunt's Deli, where day-trippers, headed for Eastern Point Beach, about a mile away, stop to purchase freshly made lobster rolls. We set off in the opposite direction, along a winding dirt path through berry patches and apple trees to Gooseberry Point, a mile distant on the western side of the island. Here, pine and spruce trees face open sea. "In summer, there are porpoises, seals, whales—and sometimes deer swimming over from other islands," says Lunt. "My wife, Michelle, and I got engaged here."

For the remainder of my visit, we stroll the single paved road, a mile or so stretch looping past Frenchboro's landmarks. The white-clapboard Congregational Church dates from 1890. Dean was baptized here; a minister from the Sea Coast Mission leads services one Sunday a month. A museum is devoted to artifacts of traditional village life—antique dolls, rocking horses, family photographs, crockery, lobsterfishing implements, carpentry tools. "Even more than an island or hometown, Long Island is a family and heritage," Dean wrote in his memoir. "I am unapologetically proud to say my family built the island community and has helped sustain it for more than 180 years." But for all the love of tradition, he insists, no one misses the low-tech days of yore, when lobstermen lost their buoys and their bearings in the fog and spent winters repairing wooden traps, now made of wire. "Fiberglass boats," he adds, "require a lot less maintenance—no more scraping hulls and repainting wood boats. A lobster fisherman's life is never easy, but it has gotten better."

THE NEXT DAY, back on the mainland, I drive to Cape Rosier along the western coast of Blue Hill Peninsula and to Four Season Farm. Renowned internationally as a center for innovative organic agriculture, it's celebrated locally for its vegetables. On this sunny morning, several young men and women—paid apprentices studying organic farming, I later learn—are hoeing and raking rectangular beds after a recent harvest of cabbage and lettuce. At a nearby plot, Eliot Coleman, Four Season's 69-year-old founder and famed organic-farming guru, is on his knees, preparing a pea and broccoli patch for fall spinach.

SECRET GARDEN: **The recently rediscovered plots at Garland Farm (below: being restored) were the final project of landscape architect Beatrix Farrand (above: c. 1934). "No life is well rounded," she said, "without the subtle inspiration of beauty."**

Despite Maine's short growing season—no more than four or five months—Coleman and his wife, Barbara Damrosch, the farm-and-gardening columnist for the *Washington Post*, coax two, sometimes three, harvests from their land. No pesticides or chemical fertilizers are applied. Yet these one-and-a-half acres—including a quarter-acre greenhouse used during winter—produce 35 organically grown vegetables that grossed $120,000 in sales last year. "I doubt there is a chemical farm for vegetables that comes close to our yields," says Coleman. "So anybody who tells you that organic farming can't feed the world is just plain ignorant."

Coleman, by his own admission, stumbled across his true calling. After a suburban childhood in Rumson, New Jersey, he became a

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AFTER HOURS
In summer, Bar Harbor quiets only at night. "The old guard," says resident James Blanchard III, "didn't like the hurly-burly and moved [12 miles away] to Northeast Harbor."

self-described "ski bum." After winter in the United States and Europe, he would head to Chile, where the Andes are covered in snow from June to September. "At some point in my mid-20s," Coleman says, "I thought there ought to be something more socially redeeming than racing down the next mountain." In 1967, he read *Living the Good Life*, originally published in 1954, by Helen and Scott Nearing, early leaders of the back-to-the-land movement of the late 1960s. "Just weeks later, I traveled to Maine to meet Scott Nearing," says Coleman. Nearing sold Coleman, then 28, a 40-acre piece of land for $33 an acre—what the Nearings had paid for it in 1952. "Nearing didn't believe in making profit from unearned income," says Coleman.

The quality of Coleman's vegetables gained him customers—and eventually the same kind of following that the Nearings had once inspired—throughout the Acadia region. Each year, Four Season hires and boards five or six aspiring farmers. "Coleman teaches us to view vegetables as a litmus test of how good a soil we have created," says Jeremy Oldfield, 25, from Washington, D.C., as he readies a spinach plot.

Damrosch, for her part, cites Beatrix Farrand as one of her greatest influences. In the 1920s, Farrand designed a garden for Abby Aldrich Rockefeller and her husband, John D. Rockefeller Jr., at Seal Harbor (pop. 309) on Mount Desert Island. Damrosch recalls sneaking into the private garden during the early 1960s, when she worked at a nearby inn during a summer break from college. "The garden was beautifully maintained," recalls Damrosch, sounding somewhat chagrined

INSIDE ACADIA

The park's landscape (left: Cromwell Brook, in the shadow of Dorr Mountain) has altered little since tourists first arrived in the 1800s. Among them was painter Frederic Church, who reported that he was "exceedingly delighted with the scenery, and with the people too."

about trespassing. "I had never seen a garden so grand," she continues, "the Chinese-style wall, the statues, the blending of flowers with native plants and ground covers. Yet Farrand achieved a sense of intimacy by designing the garden into small spaces, each with its own character."

Today, the Rockefeller Garden can be visited only by appointment, though the Rockefeller family has announced plans to open it to the public eventually, connecting it by woodland trail to two nearby public gardens associated with Farrand—the Asticou Azalea Garden and Thuya Garden. Charles Savage, a local innkeeper and self-taught landscape designer, created both gardens in the 1950s, using relocated plants that Farrand had tended at Reef Point, once her garden and home in Bar Harbor.

Asticou, with its azaleas and rhododendrons, had peaked in spring, so I stopped instead at Thuya, in full summer bloom, climbing a trail under the white cedars (*Thuja occidentalis*) that give it its name. The garden is riotous with color—day lilies, delphiniums, snapdragons, a dozen other flowers. In the distance, sailboats scud across Northeast Harbor on a breezy, sunlit day.

Why Farrand's Reef Point garden no longer exists remains a subject of conjecture. Nearing retirement in the 1950s, Farrand, then in her 80s, expressed the hope that the town of Bar Harbor would help maintain it as a public attraction and horticultural research center. Though the 1947 fire had sharply depleted Bar Harbor's treasury, Farrand was well-connected both by birth—her aunt was the novelist Edith Wharton—and by wealthy clients, including the Rockefellers and the Morgans. She likely could have found a patron to fund Reef Point.

Locals suggest that Farrand, a legendary perfectionist, was unwilling to entrust Reef Point to others to manage after her death. Patrick Chassé, a noted landscape architect and Mount Desert Island resident, buys into this theory. "She really couldn't bring herself to give up control over the garden, so in 1955, she decided to disperse her plants," he speculates.

Many of the Reef Point plants ended up at Asticou and Thuya. Farrand had the remainder moved to Garland Farm, eight miles northwest of Bar Harbor, where she lived from 1956 until her death three years later at age 86. Today, as a result of fundraising and design work by Chassé and others, the five-acre Garland Farm Gardens, though under restoration, is open to the public by appointment.

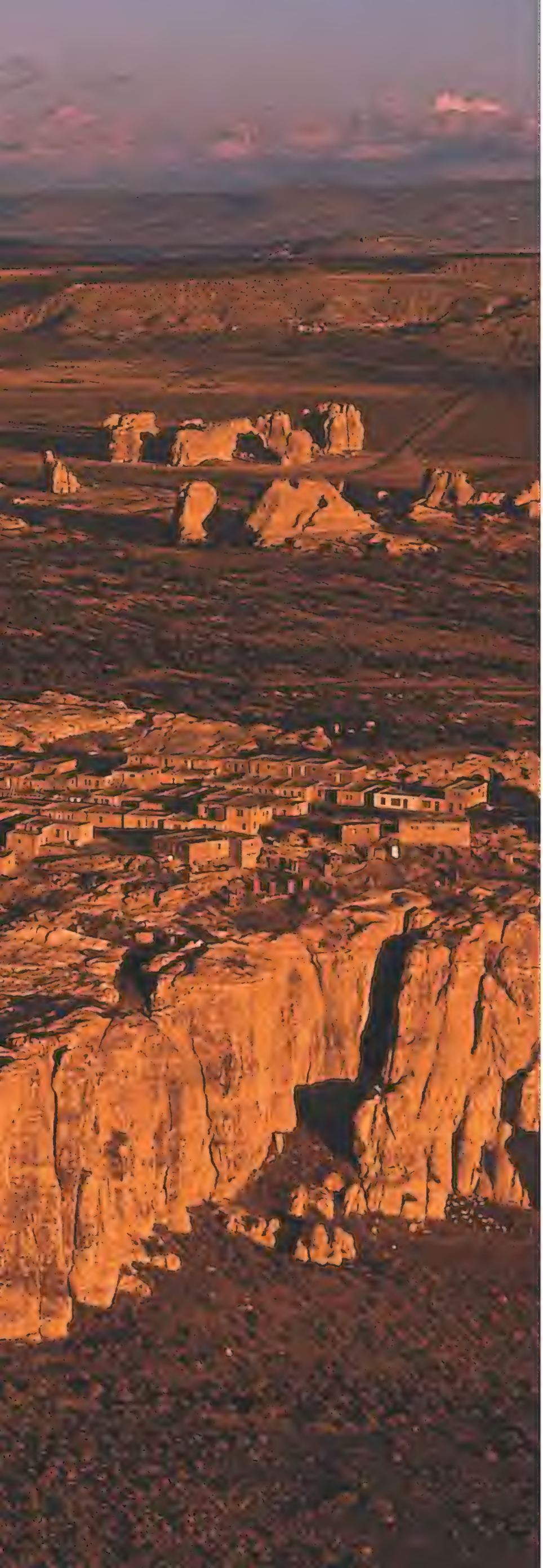
The revival of Garland Farm serves as a reminder of the conservationist ethic celebrated throughout this region. Surely George Dorr, Acadia National Park's primary founder, would have applauded this most recent preservation effort. As he admonished in 1942: "I trust it will be recognized that what we have now achieved is a beginning only."

For an excerpt from *Hauling by Hand* by Dean Lawrence Lunt, go to Smithsonian.com/lunt

ISOLATED AERIE: The pueblo (right: its 1641 church, photographed by Ansel Adams in 1941) perches on a 365-foot mesa. In 1892, reporter Charles Lummis called the site "so unearthly beautiful . . . it is hard for the onlooker to believe himself . . . upon this dull planet at all."

ANCIENT CITADEL

AT LEAST 1,200 YEARS OLD, NEW MEXICO'S ACOMA PUEBLO—THE LONGEST CONTINUOUSLY INHABITED SETTLEMENT IN NORTH AMERICA—REMAINS A TOUCHSTONE FOR A RESILIENT INDIGENOUS CULTURE *BY DAVID ZAX*



DESTINATION

AMERICA

PEERING UP FROM THE BASE of a sandstone mesa rising from the plains of central New Mexico, it's possible to make out clusters of tawny adobe dwellings perched at the top. The 365-foot-high outcropping, about 60 miles west of Albuquerque, is home to the oldest continuously inhabited settlement in North America—an isolated, easily defensible redoubt that for at least 1,200 years has sheltered the Acoma, an ancient people. The tribe likely first took refuge here to escape the predations of the region's nomadic, warlike Navajos and Apaches. Today, some 300 two- and three-story adobe structures, their exterior ladders providing access to upper levels, house the pueblo's residents.

Although only 20 or so individuals live permanently on the mesa, its population swells each weekend, as members of extended families (and day-tripping tourists, some 55,000 annually) converge on the tranquil site. (The pueblo has no electricity, although an occasional inhabitant has been known to jury-rig a battery to power a television.)

Today, the tribe numbers an estimated 6,000 members, some living elsewhere on the 600-square-mile reservation surrounding the pueblo, others out of state. But every Acoma, through family or clan affiliation, is related to at least one pueblo household. And if most tribe members

have moved away, the mesa remains their spiritual home. "Acoma has always been the place where people go back," says Conroy Chino, the former secretary of labor for New Mexico, who is a partner in the Albuquerque-based NATV Group, a consulting firm specializing in American Indian issues. He returns to the mesa weekly for Acoma religious ceremonies. The tribe's "whole worldview," he adds, "comes from that place. It is the heart-center."

Acoma's history is etched in the walls of its adobe buildings. A row of houses near the mesa's north end still bears the scars of cannon fire, a reminder of the fateful day in 1598 when the settlement first fell to an enemy. Before then, the pueblo had interacted peaceably with Spanish explorers heading north from Central America. Members of Francisco Vásquez de Coronado's expedition first described the settlement in 1540, characterizing it as "one of the strongest places we have seen," a city built upon a rock so high "that we repented having gone up to the place." The only access then was by nearly vertical stairs cut into sheer rock face; today, one ascends by a narrow, vertiginous road blasted into the mesa during the 1950s.

Within a half century or so, however, relations with the Spaniards had deteriorated. In December 1598, the Acoma learned that one of the conquistadors, Juan de Oñate, intended to colonize the region. They ambushed Oñate's nephew and a party of his men, killing 11 of them. Brutal revenge followed: the Spanish burned much of the village, killing more than 600 inhabitants and imprisoning another 500. Survivors were made to serve as slaves; men over age 25 were sentenced to the loss of their right foot. (Even today, most Acoma resent Oñate's status as the state's founder; in 1998, shortly after a statue was erected in his honor in the town of Alcalde, someone took a chain saw to the bronze figure's right foot.)

Despite the lingering animus toward the Spanish, the pueblo remains a place where distinct cultures have been accommodated. In the village's primary landmark, the 17th-century San Esteban del Rey Mission, a 6,000-square-foot adobe church perched on the east edge of the mesa, the altar is flanked by 60-foot-high pine-wood pillars embellished with hand-carved braiding in red and white; the intertwined strands symbolize the fusion of indigenous and Christian beliefs. Interior walls feature images that reflect traditional Acoma culture—rainbows and stalks of corn; near the altar hangs a buffalo-hide tapestry depicting events in the life of the saint. From 1629 to 1641, Fray Juan Ramirez oversaw construction of the church, ordering the Acoma to haul 20,000 tons of adobe, sandstone, straw and mud—

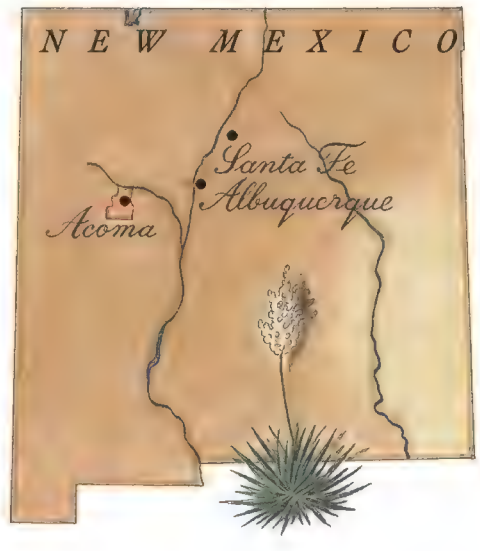
IN 1598, THE ACOMA, LEARNING THAT CONQUISTADOR JUAN DE OÑATE (ABOVE) INTENDED TO COLONIZE THE REGION, AMBUSHED A PARTY OF OÑATE'S MEN. BRUTAL REVENGE FOLLOWED.

JEFFERY JONES / THE GALLUP INDEPENDENT / AP IMAGES; EINARSSON KVARAN (STATUE); PP. 56-57 DANNY LEHMAN / CORBIS; P. 57 ANSEL ADAMS / NATIONAL ARCHIVES / TIME LIFE PICTURES / GETTY IMAGES

The pueblo (from left, above: dancers perform; adobe houses; and 17th-century San Esteban mission) holds central significance for the Acoma. Life on the mesa (below: map), according to the tribe's Conroy Chino, lies at the culture's "heart-center."

materials used in its walls—to the mesa. The tribe also transported ponderosa-pine timber for roof supports from Mount Taylor, 40 miles away. Despite the use of forced labor in the church's construction, most of today's Acoma regard the structure as a cultural treasure. Last year, in part because of the church, which represents a rare mixing of pueblo and Spanish architecture, the National Trust for Historic Preservation named Acoma mesa as the 28th National Trust Historic Site, the only Native American site so designated.

Also last year, the Acoma inaugurated a new landmark, the Sky City Cultural Center and Haak'u Museum, at the foot of the mesa (the original was destroyed by a fire in 2000). "This place," says curator Damian Garcia, "is for the people." He adds that its primary purpose is "to sustain and preserve Acoma culture." Inside the center a film surveys Acoma history and a café serves tamales and fry bread. The architects drew on indigenous design conventions, widening doorways at the middle (the better, in traditional dwellings, for bringing supplies, including firewood, inside) and incorporating flecks of mica in windowpanes. (Some windows on the mesa are still made of it.) Fire-resistant concrete walls (a departure from traditional adobe) are painted in the ruddy pinks and purples of the surrounding landscape.



Acoma artwork is everywhere at the Center, including on the rooftop, where ceramic chimneys, crafted by a local artist, can be seen from the mesa. A current exhibition showcasing Acoma pottery celebrates a tradition that also dates back at least a millennium. According to Prudy Correa, a museum staffer and potter, the careful preparation of dense local clay, dug from a nearby site, is essential to Acoma artisanship. The clay is dried and strengthened by adding finely pulverized pottery shards before pots are shaped, painted and fired. Traditional motifs, including geometric patterns and stylized images of thunderbirds or rainbows, are applied with the sturdy spike of a yucca plant. "A regular paintbrush just doesn't work as well," she says. Correa recalls her grandmother, a master potter, picking up a finished pot, striking the side slightly and holding it to her ear. "If it didn't ring," Correa says, it indicated that the piece had cracked during firing. It would be discarded and "ground back down to shards." Today, Correa is teaching her 3-year-old granddaughter, Angelina, to craft Acoma pottery.

In September, the Acoma honor their patron saint, Esteban (or Stephen, a pious 11th-century Hungarian king). On the

Author **DAVID ZAX** *is a writing fellow at* Moment *magazine in Washington, D.C.*

PP. 58-59 SCOTT S. WARREN; SCOTT S. WARREN; MAP: RODICA PRATO

TRIBAL LEADER
On festival days, Marvis Aragon Jr., 40, CEO of Acoma commercial ventures, returns to the pueblo to join in ceremonial dancing. Then, he says, "I begin to feel my age a little."

feast day, the mesa is open to anyone. (Ordinarily, it's necessary to reserve ahead to tour the pueblo; overnight stays are not permitted.) Last September, when I joined more than 2,000 fellow pilgrims gathered for the San Esteban festival, I hopped aboard a van that shuttled visitors from the base of the mesa to the summit. Ceremonies began in the church. There, a carved-pine effigy of the saint was taken down from the altar and paraded into the main plaza, to the accompaniment of chanting, rifle shots and the ringing of steeple bells. The procession wound past the cemetery and down narrow unpaved streets, where vendors offered everything from pottery to traditional cuisine—small apple pastries and foil-wrapped corn tamales.

ACOMA ARTISTRY
Potter Prudy Correa (right) is following in a family tradition (her mother, Mabel Vallo, crafted the piece above). Any slight imperfection, recalls Correa, would cause a pot to be "ground back down to shards."

At the plaza, bearers placed the figure of the saint in a shrine lined with woven blankets and flanked by two Acoma men standing guard. A tribal leader, Jason Johnson, welcomed all, speaking the first English I heard that day. The daylong dancing and feasting had begun.

Marvis Aragon Jr., CEO of the tribe's commercial ventures (including its casino), was wearing tribal dress. He danced under the hot sun with scores of Acoma—men and women, young and old. At her home, Correa was serving traditional dishes to friends and family members: green-chili stew with lamb, fresh corn and wheat pudding with brown sugar. Another Acoma artisan, Bellamino (who regards his family's Spanish surname as a symbol of subjugation), sold pottery, silver jewelry and baskets from the front room of his adobe. Later in the day, David Vallo, leader of the tribal council, surveyed the crowds from the edge of the central plaza. "This," he said, "is the time my people come back."

Across the centuries, the mesa—a citadel fortified against threat—has represented Acoma endurance. The sheer sandstone walls have also cast a spell on virtually any traveler who has ventured this way. "I cannot but think that mother nature was in a frenzy when she created this spot," wrote one 19th-century visitor. And Charles Lummis, a journalist who arrived there in 1892, called the site "so unearthly beautiful, so weird, so unique, that it is hard for the onlooker to believe himself in America, or upon this dull planet at all."

View Ansel Adams' 1941 photos of Acoma at smithsonian.com/acoma

SCOTT S. WARREN (3)

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THE LIFE AQUATIC WITH BRUCE MOZERT

WHEN THE PHOTOGRAPHER GAZED INTO THE CRYSTALLINE WATERS OF SILVER SPRINGS, FLORIDA, IN 1938, HE SAW NOTHING BUT POSSIBILITIES

BY GARY MONROE

CENTRAL FLORIDA has many clear springs, but in the 19th century, Silver Springs also had location, location, location: connected to the outside world by the Silver, Ocklawaha and St. Johns rivers. After the Civil War, steamship-borne tourists including the likes of President Ulysses S. Grant and Harriet Beecher Stowe would flock to the springs to marvel at the sight of aquatic life seemingly suspended in space. Through the first few decades of the 20th century, whether they came by rail or by car, tourists continued to go to Silver Springs. But by the 1930s, the place needed a new image—or images—to keep them coming. For almost half a century, Bruce Mozert supplied those images.

Mozert was born in Newark, Ohio, in 1916 and followed his sister Zoë to New York City in the mid-'30s; she became a renowned pinup artist, he a photographer. On his way to an assignment in Miami in 1938, he detoured to Silver Springs because he'd heard that Johnny Weissmuller was filming one of his *Tarzan* movies there. Mozert says that when he stuck out his hand to shake Weissmuller's, the former Olympian responded by hoisting him in the air. Eventually, the movie star left; Mozert stayed.

He likes to say that he "took to photography like a duck takes to water." But "like a fish" might be closer to the mark. At Silver Springs, Mozert pioneered underwater photography, building waterproof housings that allowed him to go deep with a camera in hand. For some 45 years (except for service with the Army Air Forces during World War II), he created scenes of people—comely young women, for

GOING DEEP: **"My imagination runs away with me," says Mozert (above: in an undated photograph). His underwater stills (right) shaped the image of Silver Springs for more than four decades.**

JOHNNY MING; MAP: RODICA PRATO; P. 63 BRUCE MOZERT / UNIVERSITY PRESS OF FLORIDA

the most part—talking on the phone, playing golf, reading the newspaper . . . underwater, all the better to show off the wondrous clarity of Silver Springs' waters.

"Everything has a picture in it, a sellable picture," Mozert says. "All you got to do is use your imagination." To create bubbles in a champagne flute, he would stick some dry ice or Alka-Seltzer in the glass; to simulate smoke rising from a grill, he used canned condensed milk. "The fat in the milk would cause it to rise, creating 'smoke' for a long time," he says. With his meticulous production values and surreal vision, Mozert cast Silver Springs in a light perfectly suited to postwar America—part "Leave It to Beaver" and part "The Twilight Zone." His images anchored a national publicity campaign for the springs from the 1940s through the '70s; competing against water-skiing shows, dancing porpoises, leaping whales and hungry alligators, Silver Springs remained one of Florida's premier attractions, the Disney World of its day. Then, in 1971, came Disney World.

'SMOKING' AND JOKING: **Mozert put condensed milk to good use for some special effects at the barbecue (right) and rounded up some garden tools to mark Silver Springs' spring cleanup.**

It's hard to compete with the corporate colossus 90 miles south, but Silver Springs is still in business. So is Bruce Mozert. Almost every day he drives the 11 miles between his Ocala home and his studio near the springs, where he mainly digitizes customers' home movies. In 2004, he published a calendar featuring his work—photographs of young women posing under preternaturally clear water. He also takes the occasional commission for aerial photographs; at 91, he pilots the plane himself.

GARY MONROE *wrote* Silver Springs: The Underwater Photographs of Bruce Mozert, *published in April.*

BRUCE MOZERT / UNIVERSITY PRESS OF FLORIDA (2)

See more of Bruce Mozert's photographs at smithsonian.com/silversprings

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BACK TO THE FRONTIER

WANT TO FORK HAY, PLAY VINTAGE BASEBALL OR TRY YOUR HAND AT TANNING DEER HIDE? AT CONNER PRAIRIE, INDIANA, LIVING HISTORY IS THE MAIN EVENT

BY DONOVAN WEBSTER

INSIDE A LOG CABIN on the Indiana frontier, a rugged-looking man in a rumpled linen tunic, trousers of rough homespun and heavy black boots sat at a crude table piled high with pelts. He looked up as I stepped inside.

"Welcome," he said. "What furs do you have to trade today?"

Just outside, a fire smoldered near two bark-and-reed huts, the dwellings of local Lenape Indians. In a nearby clearing, a deer hide, dangling inside a wooden frame used for skinning and stretching, dried in the sun. A log shed next to the cabin housed a bark canoe, hung from the rafters.

Only 40 minutes earlier, I had been driving in an air-conditioned car, radio blaring, cellphone at the ready. Now, in backwoods along the White River—only 15 miles northeast of downtown Indianapolis—I had wandered into McKinnen's wilderness trading post (c. 1816). It was, for the trader "McKinnen" and me, all in a day's role-play at Conner Prairie, an 850-acre living-history museum in Fishers, Indiana. Conner Prairie re-creates the everyday life

TIME TRAVEL: **Re-enactor Tim Long (below) takes on the role of an 1880s schoolmaster at Conner Prairie (opposite: the property in 1939). "We don't want our interpreters just talking," says museum president Ellen M. Rosenthal. "Learning history should be fun."**

of 19th-century settlers in the Old Northwest Territory (roughly present-day Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota).

McKinnen's trading post was stocked with everything a backwoodsman could want—Hudson's Bay blankets, flintlock rifles, hurricane lanterns, leg-hold traps, trinkets, strings of beads and hanging sheaves of dried and braided tobacco leaves. McKinnen fingered the furs on his table, beginning with a stack of glossy brown pelts. "Perhaps you have brought some pelts of beaver for me?" he inquired. "The beaver has thick and slightly oily fur, very good for warmth and repelling water. It's the height of fashion now." He moved on. "Or you have these, from the otter?"

"I have none at all," I replied.

McKinnen paused theatrically and glared. "Sir," he said at last in mock exasperation. "I am compelled to ask: If you don't want to trade . . . what brings you here?"

This question, at least, I could answer. I had arrived at McKinnen's doorstep to investigate an attraction that brings more than 200,000 visitors here each year from April to October. (Of the nation's living-history museums, only Virginia's Colonial Williamsburg boasts a larger annual attendance, at some 760,000.) Across Conner Prairie's rolling hills and fields, gravel trails link four thematic areas: the Lenape Camp, as the McKinnen post is officially known (c. 1816); William Conner Homestead (1823); Prairietown (1836); and Liberty Corner (1886). At each, staffers in period costumes invite spectators to join in activities from weaving to milking cows.

William Conner, a wilderness trader who prospered on the Indiana frontier in the early 1800s, was the first landowner. In 1934 the Indianapolis-based pharmaceutical tycoon and philanthropist Eli Lilly purchased the property. A self-described "Hoosier nationalist," Lilly restored the house to its former glory, intending, he told the *Indianapolis News* in 1935, to "give future generations historical understanding not to be found in a book." Over the next three decades, Lilly scoured the Midwest for authentic implements and outbuildings. He transported log cabins, a springhouse, a loom house and a barn to the farm. In 1964, the 78-year-old Lilly, who had invested hundreds of thousands of dollars on the project and envisioned a full-scale living-history museum, opened the restored estate to the public. That same year, he entered an endowment partnership with nearby Earlham College to establish, manage and expand the Conner Prairie Living History Museum. (Lilly died in 1977.) By the mid-1970s, Prairietown had been erected; the Victorian village of Liberty Corner rose from the hayfields by 2002. Among the oldest structures on the property, the cabins of the Lenape trading camp date from the 1830s. (The trading camp was expanded in 2007.)

LIVING HISTORY

Trader William Conner (below: in an 1875 painting) constructed the property's original structure (above). Today, re-enactors (right, sharing an 1830s-style meal, and, left, leading visitors on a re-created underground railroad journey) fulfill the vision of Eli Lilly, founder of Conner Prairie (opposite: map), who hoped to "give future generations historical understanding not to be found in a book."

Today, Lenape Camp staffers, some of whom are Lenape themselves, enact the part of Native Americans, encouraging visitors to tan hides or try their hands at traditional games. Lead interpreter Michael Pace is a Lenape tribesman. He is also the great-great-great-nephew of William Conner, who married a Pace aunt named Mekinges around 1800. "But that's not why I work there every summer," he says. "I do that to keep our language and tribal practices alive and to pass them along to visitors."

At Prairietown, visitors wander into any of a dozen or so buildings, including the Golden Eagle Tavern & Inn; a blacksmith forge; quarters for a doctor; studios for a weaver and a potter; and a general store. Prairietown tourists may also be waylaid by a lieutenant from the Indiana Militia, wearing a brocade uniform and attempting to conscript recruits into his unit, whose men are camped at the edge of town. (To draw attention to their presence, the troops often fire flintlock rifles in unison; the roar is deafening.)

"THE [UNDERGROUND RAILROAD] EXPERIENCE CAN BE SO INTENSE THAT WHEN IT'S OVER, WE DO A DEBRIEFING WITH PSYCHOLOGICAL PROFESSIONALS, TO MAKE SURE EVERYONE'S OK."

At Liberty Corner, where it's always 1886, passersby may be tapped for a game of vintage baseball (rules call for batters to get three strikes or seven balls). At the

DEREK JENSEN; SHAWN SPENCE / CONNER PRAIRIE; CONNER PRAIRIE; P. 66 CONNER PRAIRIE; PP. 66-67 LAYNE KENNEDY

Quaker meetinghouse, a vaudeville song-and-dance duo, Simpson & Roberts, headlines a musicale. Or visitors may help bundle newly threshed hay from the outlying fields, tossing sheaves into the back of horse-drawn wagons.

"At Conner Prairie," says Ellen M. Rosenthal, president and CEO of the museum, "visitors can watch, but they can also become involved. We don't want our interpreters just demonstrating and talking. Learning history should be fun." Conner Prairie conducts several immersion programs, including the most popular offering, "Follow the North Star" (November 6-8, 13-15 and 20-22), which enables participants to take on the role of fugitive slaves in the 1850s and '60s. "The experience can be so intense," says Dan Freas, who oversees immersion programs, "that when it's over, we do a debriefing with psychological professionals, to make sure everyone's OK."

However, simply strolling the gravel paths can offer an equally accessible route to time travel. On the day I arrived, after stopping by the Museum Center, where a barbershop quartet was performing, I picked up a map containing the day's schedule of events.

After sampling Lenape Camp, I passed the Conner Homestead, that day the site of a watermelon seed-spitting contest. I continued on the trail, past the homemade ice-cream demonstration (free samples), and entered Prairietown. After pausing at the blacksmith's, where a smithy instructed an apprentice in the art of forging coat hooks, I crossed over to Whitaker's General Store.

"Whitaker," courtly and silver-haired, was snappily attired in a pale cotton suit-vest and matching trousers, a straw dress hat on his head. On his front porch, local children dressed in period clothes hung red, white and blue bunting for the coming Independence Day holiday.

As I entered the shop, I inquired, "Do tell me, what's been selling well lately?" Mr. Whitaker walked behind his shop's wooden counter to lift sets of silver place settings from a shelf. "These have been going into all the young ladies' hope chests," he replied. "They're imported: all the way from Philadelphia."

He returned the silverware to its shelf, and with a glint in his eye, pointed out a book on the counter. "Of course," he added, "I always suggest this goes in their hope chests, too. After all, in this modern age, a girl has to keep up with the times—and knowing the contents in that book there, well, it makes any village girl more attractive as a bride. It's just been published."

Glancing down, I saw a copy of *The American Frugal Housewife*—and felt as if I had truly been delivered to the 19th century. With an 1833 publication date printed on the cover, I knew that in Prairietown, this helpful little tome was hot off the presses.

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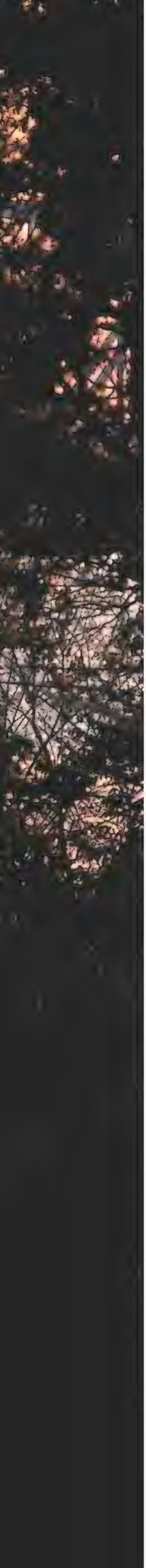
PP. 68-69 LAYNE KENNEDY; MAP: RODICA PRATO

RIVER CITY
Off the Trace (opposite: the road in 1930s Mississippi), Natchez's historic quarter on the riverfront was once a rough-and-tumble area. Around 1830, author Joseph Holt Ingraham described the district as "the nucleus of vice" and a "moral sty."



DESTINATION
AMERICA

END OF THE ROAD

IN THE 1800S, TRAVELERS ALONG THE PERILOUS FOREST TRAIL KNOWN AS THE NATCHEZ TRACE CALLED IT THE "DEVIL'S BACKBONE." TODAY, THE STORIED ROUTE MARKS THE MILESTONES—AND TOMBSTONES—OF SOUTHERN HISTORY

BY DAVID DEVOSS

MIDNIGHT ON THE MISSISSIPPI. In the antebellum city of Natchez, high on a bluff overlooking the river, lights are winking off in the Victorian mansions and plantation homes emblematic of the Old South. But down here on the riverbank, inside the Under-the-Hill Saloon, André Farish (the proprietor here until his son, André Jr., recently took over) has all night to recount some of the legends surrounding the history of Natchez. "U.S. Grant may have slept up at Rosalie Plantation, but he spent his evenings down here," Farish says, as more customers fresh off the paddle-wheeler *Delta Queen* push through the door. "He had one of the biggest [benders] of the war here trying to figure what to do about Vicksburg. Nobody much cared Grant was a Yankee. Natchez thought the war was bad for business."

Two centuries ago, the Mississippi city became a destination for keelboats and barges carrying commodities and manufactured goods down the river. After delivering their products and selling the barges for

WATERING HOLE
In downtown Natchez, the Under-the-Hill Saloon (above) occupies a 200-year-old building. At one time, says retired proprietor André Farish, "the bordello was located upstairs."

lumber, the boatmen, known as Kaintucks, needed a place to unwind before starting the long walk home to their Kentucky and Tennessee river valleys. They then headed north on a new route conceived and ordered built by President Thomas Jefferson, the Natchez Trace. (A trace was a forest path.) On it, Kaintucks could walk the 450 miles from Natchez to Nashville in three to four weeks. Post riders could carry mail between the two cities in about two weeks.

Today it is possible to cover the same distance in ten hours or less on the Natchez Trace Parkway, a scenic two-lane highway that parallels the Old Trace. Maintained by the National Park Service (NPS), the 444-mile road angles diagonally across Mississippi and cuts through northwestern Alabama before cresting the Tennessee Valley Divide and dropping into Nashville's Cumberland Valley. The parkway is at its most beautiful in spring and fall, when cyclists pedal beneath massive oak canopies dripping with Spanish moss and hikers follow nearby trails bordered by clover, black-eyed Susan and purple chicory. But it's beyond the parkway that the region's history truly comes alive.

With more than 600 antebellum structures, narrow streets originally designed for carriages and several districts listed on the National Register of Historic Places, Natchez, at the southern end of the parkway, boasts dozens of mansions—Magnolia Hall and Rosalie, Longwood and Auburn. They are massive showplaces, built in the early 1800s as grandiose displays of wealth by new millionaires enriched by the invention of the cotton gin.

Natchez just might be the last city in America where it's possible to purchase a piece of 19th-century America at a reasonable price. Several old houses are always up for sale, thanks in part to the Historic Natchez Foundation, a non-profit organization that buys and renovates distressed properties for eventual resale. "We're the humane society for old buildings," says Ronald Miller, an architectural historian who is the foundation's executive director.

In 1800, Natchez—founded by the French in 1716 and later populated largely by Tory refugees fleeing the Revolutionary War—stood at the edge of America's vast frontier. After the Louisiana Purchase of 1803, Jefferson envisioned

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LEE CELANO; MAP: RODICA PRATO; P. 73 SCOTT S. WARREN / AURORA PHOTOS; P. 70 KELLY/MOONEY PHOTOGRAPHY; P. 71 NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

INTO THE FOREST
Today a bucolic trail, the Old Trace (opposite: the parallel parkway route) was once an obstacle course. In 1812, the Rev. John Johnson wrote: "I have this day swam my horse five times, bridged one creek, forded several others beside the swamp we had to wade through."

further westward expansion. He decided, therefore, to bind Mississippi (and the region that would become Alabama) to the rest of the country by broadening the 450-mile forest track called the Natchez Trace.

Even on the newly widened trail, however, the journey was daunting. The route zigzagged through canebrakes, skirted cypress-filled swamps and crossed several large rivers and dozens of smaller creeks before rising 1,000 feet along ridgelines into the Eastern hardwood forest, an expanse of virgin timber so dense that according to local lore, a squirrel could travel from Maine to Texas without touching the ground. Some called the new road the "Devil's Backbone" because of recurring banditry, but the trail's rigors were the greater worry. "I have this day swam my horse five times, bridged one creek, forded several others beside the swamp we had to wade through," the Rev. John Johnson noted in 1812. "At night we had a shower of rain. Took up my usual lodging on the ground in company with several Indians."

By 1810, more than 10,000 Kaintucks rode or hiked northward each year up the Trace. At night they slept in one of perhaps 20 way stations, or rude inns, at stopping points with names like Buzzard Roost and Sheboss Place that advertised "wilderness entertainment" with "great provender and provisions." During the first three decades of the 19th century, the Natchez Trace functioned as the southwest United States' most-traveled road, although it was seldom more than 12 feet wide.

Today, at Milepost 385.9, a broken stone shaft marks the grave of Meriwether Lewis. As a reward for his services, after the epic 8,000-mile exploration of the newly purchased Louisiana Territory with William Clark, Jefferson named Lewis, his former private secretary, governor of the Upper Louisiana Territory, a largely administrative job for which he was ill-suited. His discontent was compounded by his inability to find a wife and finish his written account of the journey. When the War Department demanded additional documentation for some of the expedition's expenses, Lewis decided to go to Washington.

FALLEN HERO
On October 10, 1809, heralded explorer Meriwether Lewis (below) stopped at an inn on the Trace (above: frontiersmen on the route). There, he died of gunshot wounds, perhaps self-inflicted. Left: A monument to him near the site.

In the late afternoon of October 10, 1809, according to various accounts later offered, Lewis pulled into Grinder's Stand on the Natchez Trace, accompanied by two servants, two heavily loaded packhorses and $100 in cash. "He seemed distraught all evening, pacing back and forth and talking like a lawyer," the innkeeper's wife later recounted. "Sometime after midnight I heard a shot and then Gov. Lewis screamed, 'Oh Lord.' Then there was another shot."

When Mrs. Grinder entered the room she found Lewis shot in the head. A second bullet had entered his chest and lodged against his backbone. According to her version, Lewis lived through the night and "was busily engaged in cutting himself head to foot" with a razor when she entered his room the following morning. Lewis' death a few hours later initially was declared a suicide, but suspicions arose when the formerly impoverished Grinders later moved to western Tennessee with enough money to buy land and slaves.

The circumstances of Lewis' death continue to inspire debate among scholars. "He could have been murdered," says John Guice, professor emeritus of history at the University of Southern Mississippi. "Lewis carried a .69-caliber pistol. How can you shoot yourself in the head with that kind of weapon and live to get off a second shot?" In 1996, Guice, testifying at a coroner's inquest, recommended that the National Park Service disinter and autopsy Lewis. (The NPS declined to do so.)

Natchez Trace traffic began to decline in 1817, after construction began on a larger, more direct highway linking Nashville to New Orleans. But it was the steamboat that really did the Trace in. By 1820, a paddle-wheeler could make it upriver from New Orleans to Louisville in 15 days.

In 1863, after Gen. Ulysses S. Grant failed to subdue the Mississippi River stronghold of Vicksburg, he steamed south, past Jefferson Davis' plantation, and landed troops downriver. Marching up the Trace, Grant headed toward the town of Jackson. Along the way, his troops defeated a Confederate force at Raymond. Grant then torched Jackson.

EVEN TODAY, THE CIRCUMSTANCES SURROUNDING LEWIS' DEATH REMAIN MYSTERIOUS: "HE COULD HAVE BEEN MURDERED," SAYS HISTORIAN JOHN GUICE.

NATIONAL PARK SERVICE (2); PICTURE HISTORY

With his rear flank secure, Grant crossed the Trace and continued 30 miles west to Vicksburg, which he captured following a 47-day siege, on July 4, 1863 (the day after Robert E. Lee suffered a massive defeat at Gettysburg). Not until 1945, eighty-two years later, would Vicksburg's citizens celebrate American Independence Day.

In Vicksburg, where a federal military park commemorates the Union victory, it's impossible to escape memories of the siege. "People who think America has never lost a war don't realize that many of us have suffered defeat on our own soil," says Tom Pharr, a 44-year-old interior designer who owns Anchuca, an 1830 Greek Revival mansion where Jefferson Davis' brother Joseph and his family lived after Union forces looted Joseph's nearby plantation, Hurricane. (Jefferson Davis called on his brother there a couple of times in the winter of 1868-69.)

Just off the Trace in Kosciusko, a town of 7,335 (named for Tadeusz Kosciuszko, the Polish aristocrat who served under George Washington in the Revolutionary War), many residents believe that the town represents Mississippi's future. Kosciusko boasts excellent public schools, free after-school tutoring and a foundation that provides college-tuition assistance for its high-school graduates. "When people think about Mississippi, images of hooded men on horses and burning churches come to mind, but we have none of those things here," says civic leader Preston Hughes, a West Point graduate who retired from the Army as a colonel.

Credit for the community's cohesion, many agree, goes in large part to The Club, an organization that Hughes and a retired high-school principal, William White, founded in 1995. "We wanted some type of way to get together," White says. "The bank president. The janitor over at the co-op. Retirees. Young people working their first jobs. Rich. Poor. No dues. No officers. Meet once a month. Have a speaker. Ask questions. Get answers."

Kosciusko's favorite daughter is Oprah Winfrey, who was born here in 1954, but the Trace's biggest celebrity attraction is 106 miles to the north in Tupelo. There, the Elvis Presley Center includes a museum, gift shop and memorial chapel featuring continuous recordings of Elvis' gospel songs. The even bigger draw, however, is Elvis' birthplace, a tiny shotgun house built in 1934 by Presley's father, Vernon, for $180. Here, on the cramped porch, it may well be possible to come closer to the authentic Elvis—the skinny kid who loved gospel songs and often went to church—than anywhere else imaginable.

ON THE ROAD: **Today it is possible to drive the length of the Trace Parkway (above) in about ten hours. Along the way (below: a popular bicycling route), writes author R. C. Gildart, one can gain "access to colorful Southern small towns complete with Civil War memorials, general stores, talk of cotton prices and raccoon hunting."**

JIM RICHARDSON / CORBIS; NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

Our headlights pick up the gleaming eyes of nine spotted hyenas stalking single file across the savanna. "Zebra hunt," says Kay Holekamp, killing the Land Cruiser's engine. We're about 100 miles west of Nairobi in Kenya's Masai Mara National Reserve.

The hyenas walk parallel to the herd with their heads turned toward it. The agitated zebras gallop back and forth in short, panicky dashes, then skitter off into the absolute darkness. The hyenas follow at a walk and disappear into the night. "They'll circle, watch, lie down, then get back up and do it all again until they finally decide to attack," says Holekamp, a biologist who has been studying spotted hyenas in the park for 20 years.

Spotted hyenas are some of Africa's most proficient predators. A frenzied scrum of them can dismantle and devour a 400-pound

NIGHT STALKERS More cunning than cowardly, spotted hyenas (in a composite image in the Masai Mara park, Kenya) actually hunt most of their food (left: a hyena eyes wary zebras).

WHO'S LAUGHING NOW?

Long maligned as nasty scavengers, hyenas turn out to be protective parents and accomplished hunters. And new research is revealing that their social status may even be determined in the womb

BY STEVE KEMPER

zebra in 25 minutes. An adult spotted hyena can tear off and swallow 30 or 40 pounds of meat per feeding. Latecomers to a kill use their massive jaw muscles and molars to pulverize the bones for minerals and fatty marrow. Hair and hooves get regurgitated later. "The only thing left is a patch of blood on the ground," says Holekamp.

Holekamp, 56, alternates working in the field in Masai Mara and teaching at Michigan State University in Lansing. (She lives on 13 acres outside the city with her partner and occasional collaborator, neurobiologist Laura Smale, also a professor at MSU.) Everyone around Masai Mara knows "Mama Fisi"—*fisi* is Swahili for hyena—the blond woman in oversized T-shirts who returns every summer to her tent camp on the Talek River, where baboons sometimes raid the food tent, a gennet cat loiters near the supper table, bats hang from tent poles and the night resounds with chuffing leopards, pinging fruit bats and whooping hyenas. "I expected to study spotted hyenas for three years and move on," says Holekamp, "but they just kept getting more interesting."

Though they resemble dogs, the four species of hyena—spotted, striped, brown and the aardwolf—are actually more closely related to cats, and closest to mongooses and civets. Spotted hyenas (*Crocuta crocuta*), also known as laughing hyenas, live in forests, swamps, deserts and mountains throughout Africa. They are the best-known, biggest (up to 189 pounds, though 135 is typical), most numerous and strangest hyenas, and not just because of their sloping profile and demented "laugh"—a high-pitched cackle they emit when frightened or excited. Spotted hyenas are also gender-benders and role reversers.

Spotted hyenas sometimes scavenge, but, contrary to popular belief, they kill 95 percent of their food. As hunters, alone or in groups, they equal leopards, cheetahs and lions. Yet the lion is considered noble, the cheetah graceful and the leopard courageous, while the hyena is seen as sneaky and vicious—a cringing scavenger, a graveyard lurker. Few creatures inspire such a queasy mixture of fear, disgust and disdain. Most zoos snub them—no public demand. Conservation groups do not use hyena photos to raise money. Across epochs and continents, from the Bible to African folk tales, from Theodore Roosevelt ("foul and evil ferocity . . . as cowardly as it is savage") and Ernest Hemingway ("devourer of the dead . . . sad yowler, camp-follower, stinking, foul") to Disney's *The Lion King* ("slobbery, mangy, stupid vultures"), our reaction to hyenas is the same: yech.

In the 1960s, a few field researchers finally began peeling away centuries of ignorance. The chimpanzee expert Jane Goodall, working in Tanzania's Ngorongoro Crater, expected to dislike spotted hyenas, but they soon won her over. "Hyenas are second only to chimpanzees in fascination," she wrote; "they are born clowns, highly individualistic." Wildlife biologist George Schaller, studying lions on the Serengeti in the 1960s, exploded another misperception by reporting that lions scavenged more kills from hyenas than vice versa. Around the same time, naturalist Hans Kruuk spent three and a half years with the Serengeti's spotted hyenas. He expected odious solitary scavengers but instead found sophisticated hunters living in complex clans. In 1979, Laurence Frank, from the University of California at Berkeley, began studying spotted hyenas in the Masai Mara. A few years later he and his colleague Stephen Glickman captured 20 cubs and took them back to Berkeley for a long-term study. Today 26 captive hyenas live in a research center in the hills above campus.

Holekamp got her doctorate at Berkeley, writing a dissertation on ground squirrels, and then worked briefly with Frank in Masai Mara. Spotted hyenas won her over. In the past 20 years she and her graduate students have created a large database about the Masai Mara animal's diet, movements, communication, births, deaths, lines of

PP. 78-79 FABRIZIO COSTANTINI / THE NEW YORK TIMES / REDUX; P. 76 RAVIV COHEN; PP. 76-77 MARTIN DOHRN / NATUREPL.COM (COMPOSITE OF TWO EXPOSURES OF SAME NATURAL SCENE FILMED WITH STARLIGHT CAMERA)

descent, morphology, conservation, intelligence, social organization and behavior. But Holekamp is most interested in the ways hyenas bend gender roles. "By studying an animal that seems to contradict the usual rules," she says, "you can shed light on what the rules really are. Plus, I just think they're really cool."

One gender contradiction is the female spotted hyena's long clitoris, almost indistinguishable from a penis, through which the animals urinate, mate and even give birth. Scientists call the unusual organ, which is capable of becoming erect, a pseudopenis or a peniform clitoris. To further confuse matters, a female's labia are fused and made bulbous by two fatty pads, creating the illusion of a scrotum. For centuries, because of these anomalies, hyenas were suspected of being hermaphrodites capable of changing gender and performing witchcraft. More than once, Holekamp has been startled when a putative male known to her since cub-hood suddenly gave birth.

What's more, female spotted hyenas are bigger and more aggressive than males. Every clan is a matriarchy ruled by an alpha female. In the clan's strict power structure, adult males rank last. They must swallow abuse even from the most obnoxious juveniles or risk violent punishment from female coalitions. At a communal carcass, adult males eat last—if there's anything left. When a male kills dinner on his own, he must gorge quickly before female clan members shove him aside.

Nor do things improve much when it comes to mating. "With most animals, males duke it out and the winner gets the girls," says Holekamp. "But with hyenas, females have 100 percent say." They decide when and under what conditions they will tolerate deferential sperm donors. At age 2 or 3 a male leaves his natal clan and wanders off to beg acceptance into another clan. After vicious rejections, he eventually succeeds and reaps his reward: brutal harassment as the clan's nadir, one of the last in line for food and sex. This probation, which biologists call "endurance rivalry," is a test, Holekamp explains: "The guy

MAP: MIKE REAGAN; SARAH BENSON-AMRAM; STEPHANIE M. DLONIAK

THE MIND OF A HYENA
Two decades of research led by Kay Holekamp (left: with a hyena skull in her lab at Michigan State University, and right: holding a sedated hyena in Kenya) shows that hyenas are as social as many primates. They also hunt cooperatively, establish complex group hierarchies and quickly solve puzzles (above: a hyena is about to open a box and pass an I.Q. test). Holekamp and her colleagues are trying to answer a basic question: "Just how smart *are* they?"

who can stick it out the longest wins." The trial lasts about two years, after which some females may grant him access. "You do not want to be a male hyena," Holekamp says.

AN HOUR BEFORE DAWN, we are bouncing along a track in Masai Mara. Topi antelopes stand quietly in the dark, Thomson's gazelles dash away and a giraffe's silhouette brushes the fading stars. Hyenas usually rest during the hot daylight hours, so Holekamp and her researchers typically work a split shift in the field, mornings from 5 to 9, evenings from 4 to 8.

The Land Cruiser's transmitter beeps, indicating a radio-collared hyena nearby. It's Murphy, alpha female of a clan that Holekamp calls Talek West. (Murphy's half-sister, Whoopie, rules Talek East.) Each clan comprises about 50 animals. They had once been united under their mother, Bracket Shoulder, who had been in power for a decade when Holekamp first came to Masai Mara. Thus Bracket Shoulder and her daughters have ruled the Talek group for 30 years.

The clan split into east and west factions in the late 1990s when herders from the Masai tribe began illegally grazing their cows in the middle of the clan's territory. Grazing has worsened as growing numbers of people and livestock press against the reserve, home to 400 to 450 adult spotted hyenas. The Masai, like herders and ranchers throughout Africa, consider hyenas livestock-killing vermin. They often stab, snare or poison them. Nevertheless, spotted hyenas are the most numerous large predator in Africa.

The Masai have largely escaped the violence that has racked Kenya since disputed elections in December. Before a power-sharing agreement was reached in March, more than 1,000 people were killed and 500,000 or more were displaced. In Masai Mara, the upheavals have led to more poaching, fewer tourists and less money for conservation, but the hyenas that Holekamp's group studies haven't been harmed.

> Is anything putrid enough to gag a hyena? Holekamp thinks hard. "No. I haven't seen that."

"Most hyenas die violently, from

PP. 80-81 SUZI ESZTERHAS

HIGH SOCIETY: Among hyenas, females rule. After a kill (above: in Etosha National Park, Namibia), high-ranking females and their cubs get the choicest meat, followed by lower-ranking females and then males. The animals tend to live in communal dens (left: in Masai Mara), with some clan members guarding cubs while others hunt. Scientists speculate female dominance evolved because it ensured that cubs (below: with mothers) got enough to eat.

lions or people," says Holekamp, "but Bracket Shoulder died at 17 of kidney failure. And she was still in power." She still had perfect teeth, too, since her rank assured her the best cuts of meat, whereas the teeth of lower-ranking animals get chipped and worn from crunching bones.

As sunrise suffuses the sky, we pass through a section of tall grass, the boundary with the neighboring Fig Tree clan. Three hyenas appear in the fresh light, their bellies distended, heads and chests bloody. One carries what's left of the kill, a topi's skullcap, recognizable by its tall ridged horns. Hyenas peel the horns' keratin coating and eat the bones beneath.

Spotted hyenas in Masai Mara subsist mostly on topis and Thomson's gazelles until the great herds of wildebeest migrate through from the Serengeti. Holekamp thinks hyenas' favorite food is fresh zebra—she's seen them bypass easier prey in hopes of a striped entree—but they will eat anything with fur, feathers, wings or scales. Holekamp was once puzzled by a group of hyenas that seemed to be grazing; they were licking a bloom of caterpillars off the grass. After a rain, when termites shoot out of their mounds like fountains, hyenas stand over the holes and guzzle.

To a hyena, almost anything organic is edible. Aimee Cokayne, a research assistant who's been living at Fisi Camp for much of the past 20 months, remembers a hippo that died in a mudhole. Hyenas tore chunks from the rotting carcass for months, unfazed by the increasing putrefaction. Holekamp says that if Masai boys flip a large tortoise onto its back as a prank and it decays into a tureen of carrion soup, hyenas lap it up. (They also roll in it.) They even snack on the dung of wild dogs and wildebeests. Is anything putrid enough to gag a hyena? Holekamp thinks hard. "No," she finally says. "I haven't seen that yet."

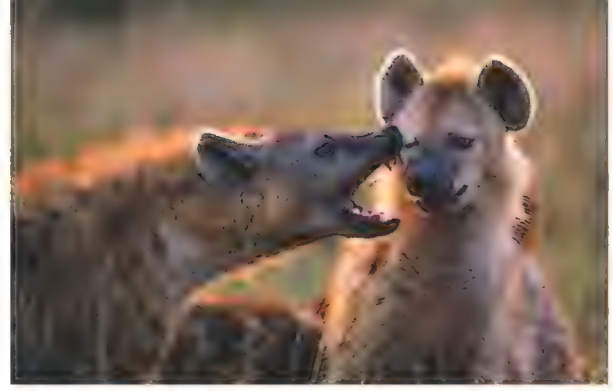
She is collaborating with a microbiologist at Michigan State to study hyenas' hardy immune systems. Other species suffer pandemics (rabies in wild dogs, distemper in lions, anthrax in ungulates), but hyenas appear to be unscathed by disease, not to mention rotten meat. "How do they tolerate foods that most creatures find deadly?" Holekamp is still trying to figure that one out.

THE CENTER OF a spotted hyena clan's social life is the communal den. A pregnant hyena goes off alone to give birth, then moves her cubs to the den when they're a month old. The den is usually adapted from a hole dug by

ANN AND STEVE TOON / ALAMY; SUZI ESZTERHAS (2)

aardvarks or other small animals, and has multiple entrances connected by tunnels dug by the cubs. The earth around the den is quickly worn bare by frolicking cubs and lounging adults. The cubs spend eight months there with the clan's other youngsters—a dozen at a time isn't unusual, and Holekamp once saw a den with 22.

One early evening at the den of the Fig Tree clan, half a dozen hyenas are lying in the grass around the entrance. Holekamp, Cokayne and a graduate student named Sarah Benson-Amram, who's been living at the camp for a year, can recognize more than 100 hyenas from the Talek and Mara River clans, identifying them by their shoulders, ears, faces or sides. But they are just getting to know the Fig Tree group. A cub named Figaro, young enough to still have black fur, emerges from the den and gets licked all over by its mother, Carmencita. Bigger cubs with new spots—they start to lose their black baby fur at six weeks of age—boil out of the den and romp around, pawing and nipping each other. One of them grabs Figaro by the ear and pulls the small cub over. The other three play tug of war with a stick, rehearsal for future battles over a topi's haunch or a gazelle's torso. An older cub nudges a sleeping female named Fluffy, who jerks her head, a warning. The cub jumps back but tries again, shoving its head into Fluffy's belly. "She's managing to introduce herself," says Holekamp.



MASTER COMMUNICATORS: A hyena's upright ears signal dominance (top); the submissive animal's mouth is wide open, to fend off bites. Hyenas call, gesture, nuzzle and lick muzzles (middle and bottom).

Hyenas have a complex behavioral language. Casual hellos include nuzzles, muzzle licks and body rubs. More formally, and nervously, a subordinate animal will lift its hind leg to expose its erect penis or pseudopenis for the dominant animal to sniff or lick. Other deferential gestures include giggling, head-bobbing and groveling. Males are the principal appeasers, says Holekamp, "because they stand to lose a lot"—status, access to food and mating—"if their relationship with the girls gets messed up."

As the sun lowers, more hyenas return to the den. An adult named ET puts her head into the entrance. "She's groaning, calling her cubs," says Holekamp. ET backs partway into the den so her cubs can nurse without coming out. "She must have really little ones hiding in there," says Holekamp. Moments later a tiny black head pops up behind ET, then quickly ducks back inside. "Too scary," says Holekamp. "Too many hyenas out here."

A series of high whoops comes from our right, homecoming signals from two cubs who've been on an excursion with five adults and two subadults. One of the new subadults lunges at Fluffy, who bares her teeth. The teenager retreats but returns seconds later with a teenage ally. They stand stiffly over Fluffy, muzzles pointed at her, tails bristling.

"Poor Fluffy," says Holekamp. "She's just lying there, and this teenager picks a fight, then forms a coalition with another kid. Teenagers are insecure about their rank so they're always trying to prove it. Girls are particularly tenacious, because if they lose their rank, it can have lifelong consequences, so they're constantly picking fights."

Cubs enter life with their eyes open and some of their teeth erupted, and within minutes siblings are fighting one another to establish dominance. The mother has only two nipples; in a litter of three, the least aggressive cub will usually starve. Cubs inherit their mother's rank, and the higher it is, the more likely her cubs will reach adulthood and reproduce: status ensures powerful allies, extra protection and a bigger share of the food. The effects of a mother's status can be stark. Holekamp has a photograph of two 6-month-old cubs sitting side by side. One is twice as big as the other—the difference between having a mother ranked No. 1 and No. 19.

A recent study by Holekamp and her colleagues suggests that status begins in the womb. They discovered that in the final weeks of pregnancy, high-ranking females produce a flood of testosterone and related hormones. These chemicals saturate the developing cubs—both males and females—and make them more aggressive. They're born with a drive to dominate, which presumably helps them uphold their matrilineal status. By contrast, a pregnant subordinate female produces a smaller spike of hormones, and her descendants become subservient.

STEVE KEMPER, *a frequent contributor, wrote about mountain lions in the West for the September 2006 issue of* SMITHSONIAN.

ANUP SHAH / NATUREPL.COM; SUZI ESZTERHAS (2)

PREDATOR AS PREY: **Masai herdsmen (top) stab, snare or poison hyenas to protect livestock. The leading nonhuman threat is from lions, which seem to kill hyenas every chance they get, but not to eat them.**

Holekamp says this is the first evidence in mammals that traits related to social status can be "inherited" through a mother's hormones rather than genetics.

Perhaps the most perplexing question about hyenas is why females have pseudopenises. The structures complicate mating and birth. The hyena's reproductive canal is twice as long as that in a similarly sized animal, and what's more, there's a hairpin turn halfway to the uterus. "It's a long gantlet for sperm to run," says Holekamp. It's also an ordeal from the other direction. Among the first-time mothers in captivity, according to the Berkeley researchers, 60 percent of cubs die during birth, most from suffocation after getting stuck in the birth canal. Subsequent births are easier.

Surprisingly, the pseudopenis doesn't appear to be a side effect of the hormones a female is exposed to in the womb. In other mammals, testosterone-related hormones can masculinize a female fetus's genitalia. But when the Berkeley researchers fed pregnant hyenas drugs that blocked the effects of testosterone and related hormones, the female cubs were still born with pseudopenises.

The most obvious advantage of "these bizarre structures," as Holekamp calls them, is power over reproduction. Mating is impossible without full female cooperation. And if a female changes her mind about a male after mating, the elongated reproductive tract lets her flush out the sperm by urinating.

Holekamp has developed a new theory to explain the evolution of the hyenas' female-dominated social structure and odd reproductive apparatus. "I think the bone-crushing adaptation is the key to it all." She explains: spotted hyenas' ancestors evolved massive skulls, jaws and teeth so they could pulverize and digest bones. This gave them a tremendous advantage over other predators, but with a cost: the skull and jaws that make bone-crushing possible take several years to mature. Holekamp has found that young hyenas can barely crunch dog biscuits. Hyena mothers care for their cubs for three or four years, much longer than most other predators do. Alone, cubs would be unable to compete for food at kills. "That put pressure on females to give their kids more time at the carcass," says Holekamp. Females had to become bigger and meaner, Holekamp hypothesizes, which they achieved partly by boosting their "masculinized" hormones. If Holekamp is right, female dominance and matri-

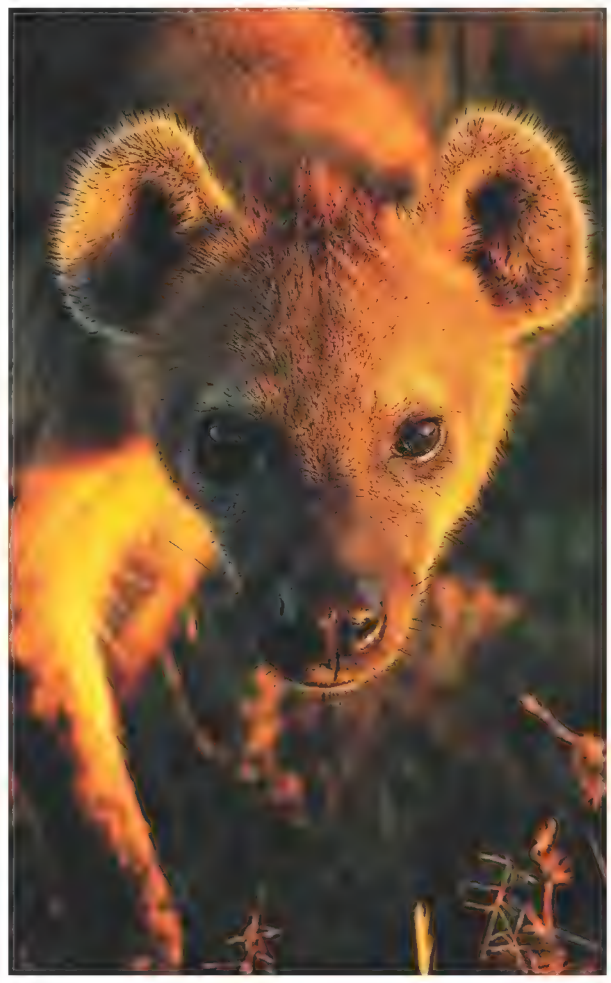
> "If they lose rank, it can have lifelong consequences, so they're constantly picking fights."

W. PERRY CONWAY / CORBIS; KARL AMMANN / CORBIS

archy among spotted hyenas stem from evolutionary adaptations made for the sake of feeding the kids.

ONE DAWN WE SPOT a hyena named Cashew. She is 4, old enough to collar, so Cokayne prepares a tranquilizer dart, aims for the haunch and fires. Cashew leaps sideways, bites the dart, spits it out, sniffs it, flinches, sniffs again. Then, seemingly unfazed, she resumes her steady pace and disappears into the tall grass.

Cokayne gets out of the Land Cruiser to look for Cashew as Holekamp drives slowly ahead. A few yards into the tall grass Cokayne finds the animal conked out. Holekamp takes several vials of blood from Cashew's long, muscular neck, then measures the skull, tail and teeth. She is three feet long, 112 pounds, a petite strawberry blonde with coarse fur and tan spots. Her big black nose and feet are doglike. Her dark brown nipples are growing; she might be pregnant for the first time. (For an earlier study, Holekamp and her colleagues used portable ultrasound equipment to determine how many fetuses were carried by female hyenas.) Cokayne scrapes some beige paste from a gland near the anus; hyenas rub this musky substance onto grass, stones and trees to mark their territory. Holekamp has witnessed clan wars near territorial borders. Females lead the attack.



CONFOUNDING CREATURES: Hyenas resemble dogs, but they're more closely related to cats. The animals are vastly more complex than commonly believed.

Holekamp and Cokayne fit Cashew with a radio collar and an ear tag. The hyena unexpectedly lifts her head and drills her huge dark eyes into us. I suddenly feel like a slow topi, but the scientists are relieved that the tranquilizer is wearing off. Nearly 20 years ago, when a darted hyena stopped breathing, Holekamp resuscitated it, mouth to mouth. Her report on hyena breath: "Not too good."

Holekamp and Cokayne take Cashew to a shady gully where she can recover unseen by lions, which go out of their way to kill hyenas. The lions' motive isn't clear, but it's not hunger; they won't eat a hyena. Goodall writes about being shocked by "the viciousness, the seeming hatred," of a lion who attacked one. Holekamp traces 60 percent of the mortalities among her hyenas to lions. One pre-dawn we came across half a dozen lionesses lounging near a male with a crescent scar under his eye. "That's Adrian," said Cokayne. "I'd know him anywhere. He's a murderer." A month earlier she had been watching a hyena resting ten feet from her vehicle. "Adrian came out of the tall grass, took three giant leaps, and got the hyena by the throat and strangled it," says Cokayne. Two weeks later, a lion killed a hyena named Leonardo. The hyena's skull was now at Fisi Camp in a metal pan hanging from a tree, getting picked clean by beetles before joining Holekamp's specimen collection.

Holekamp says she keeps studying hyenas because they keep surprising her. Lately she has become intrigued by their intelligence. Hyenas are proving to be very smart—in some ways, as smart as primates, according to Holekamp's research. They live in societies as complex as those of some primates and seem to show as much social intelligence. Also like primates, they form coalitions and understand that certain relationships are more valuable than others. Like primates, they learn and follow rules of social status and behavior, and they solve social problems in ingenious ways, using distraction, deception or conciliation. Holekamp has seen lower-ranked animals give an alarm cry during a feeding frenzy to make others flee so there's space at the carcass. Benson-Amram has seen hyenas use the same tactic to scare away higher-ranking animals who were bullying a cub.

Benson-Amram has been devising hyena I.Q. tests. For instance, she puts meat into a small steel cage with a latch, then times how long a hyena takes to figure out how to open it. One subadult quickly solved the puzzle, and now every time Benson-Amram shows up with the cage, the animal—which she nicknamed Einstein—trots over and quickly unlatches the box lunch. Holekamp says, "Just how smart *are* they?" The researchers are still trying to find the limits of hyena intelligence.

Science's version of the spotted hyena—smart, matriarchal, obsessed with status, biologically and socially complex, jam-packed with surprises—has not displaced the repulsive cowardly scavenger of popular imagination. Holekamp has noticed that safari van drivers in Masai Mara assume that tourists dislike hyenas and rarely take them to dens. "If they did, I think people would be fascinated," she says, "because the animals are so weird."

> She expected to move on from hyenas. "But they just keep getting more interesting."

RAVIV COHEN

Watch the Masai Mara hyenas at smithsonian.com/hyenas

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When storms swallowed a merchant vessel on the English coast in 1881, Winslow Homer immortalized the drama in *The Wreck of the Iron Crown*—and found a lifelong artistic theme.

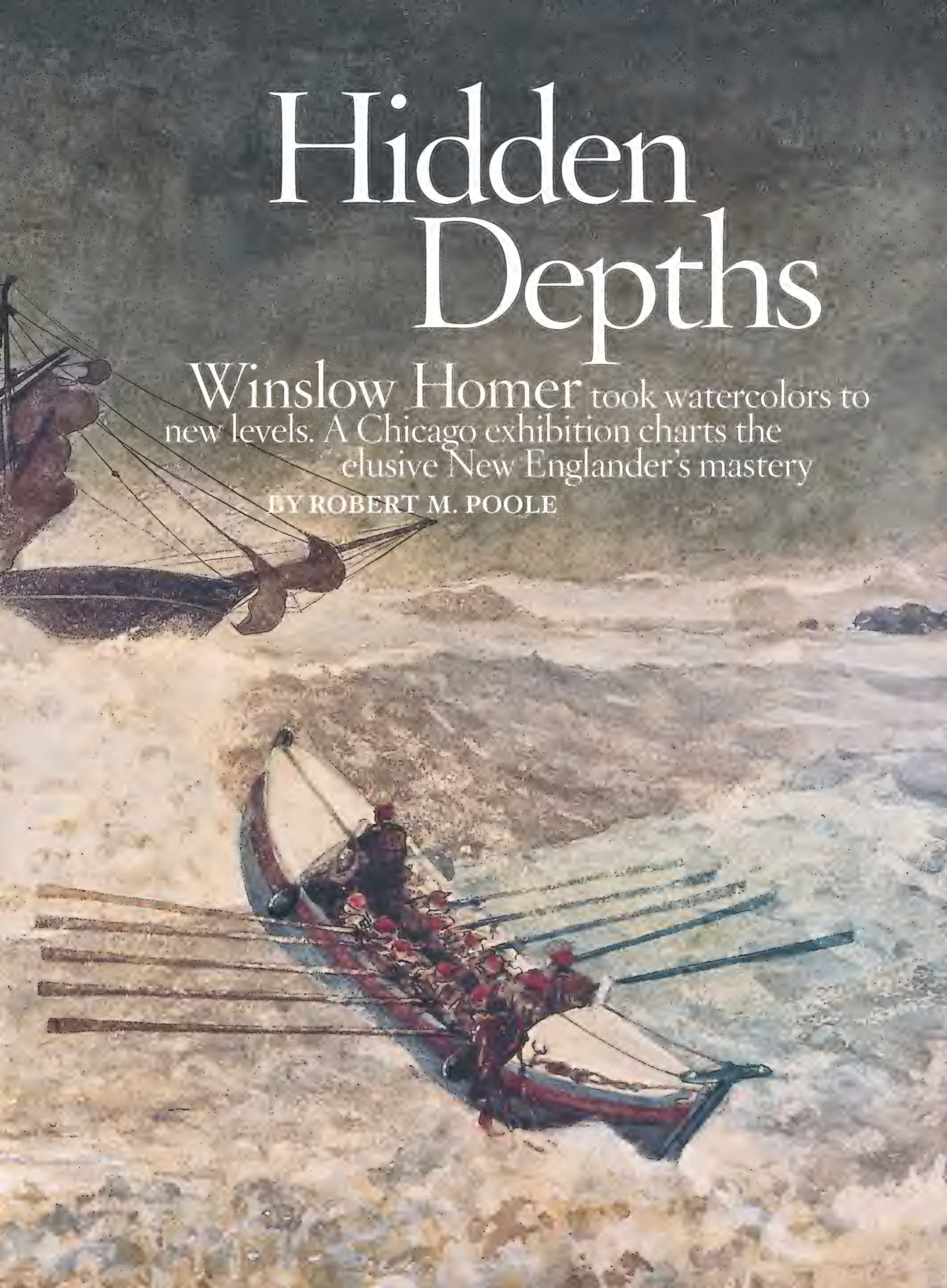
THE STORM POUNDED IN from the North Sea on October 20, 1881, picked up the *Iron Crown* like a toy and drove the 1,000-ton bark onto the shoals near Tynemouth, on the Northumbrian coast of England. Hundreds of villagers rushed to the Life Brigade House to launch rescue operations.

As night melted into the morning of October 21, members of the life brigade wrestled a boat into the surf and managed to bring 20 people from the *Iron Crown* to safety.

Hidden Depths

Winslow Homer took watercolors to new levels. A Chicago exhibition charts the elusive New Englander's mastery

BY ROBERT M. POOLE



With all but one of the ship's hands accounted for, all eyes turned back to the battered vessel. There the lonely figure of Carl Kopp, a crewman thought to have been washed overboard, appeared on deck, clinging to the ship with one hand and waving with the other. The weary life brigade took up their oars again, plunged back into the sea and brought him ashore.

As this seaside drama rushed toward its denouement, a horse-drawn cab pulled up to the wharf. A dapper little man with perfect posture and a swooping mustache emerged, made his way quietly through the crowd and staked out an observation point overlooking the harbor. Then Winslow Homer produced a pad of paper and a piece of charcoal, sat down and quickly began to sketch salient details of the scene before him—women in shawls leaning into the wind; fishermen in dripping sou'westers scrutinizing the stricken ship; rescuers rowing a lifeboat up through a mountain of water; the *Iron Crown* wallowing in the distant surf. Homer's view of the ship would be one of the last. Its masts collapsed. It broke into pieces and sank. "Nothing was to be seen of her afterwards," a local newspaper reported, "beyond portions of her stem and stern heaving like black shadows on the water, alternately obliterated by the lashing sea."

Homer disappeared with his sketches, returned to his studio in the fishing village of Cullercoats and set to work immortalizing the life-and-death struggle he had just witnessed. He rendered the scene in a palette of solemn gray, brown and ocher, with raging seas and menacing skies dominating the picture. As he often did, he reduced the subject to a few essentials—gone were the men and women he had sketched on shore; gone was the sturdy stone wharf underfoot; gone was any reference to land at all. Homer plunged the viewer right into the churning sea, along with the tiny humans struggling against it. What is remarkable is that he chose to produce *The Wreck of the Iron Crown* in watercolor, a delicate medium then generally considered to be the weapon of choice for amateur artists, at least in Homer's native America. But he seldom played by the rules.

"This resolute New Englander didn't care a fig that watercolor was an amateur's medium, taught to polite young ladies in finishing schools," says Martha Tedeschi, curator of prints and drawings at the Art Institute of Chicago, where she helped organize an exhibition of some 100 Homer watercolors and 30 associated works (through May 11). "In fact," says Tedeschi, "its marginal status quite suited him. Watercolor offered liberation from the stifling academic rules and public expectations that governed oil painting."

Age 45 when he appeared in Cullercoats, Homer was already recognized for his achievements at home, but he was clearly eager to improve his artistic reach. Most likely, he went abroad to escape the social distractions of New York City, to search for fresh subjects and to explore new ways of presenting them. This is pure speculation because the sometimes reclusive Homer was notoriously unrevealing about his personal affairs, his methods of painting and his artistic intentions. "Mind your own business!" were his four favorite words, according to a friend.

Despite this, some details of the mystery man's life are clear. Born in Boston in 1836, he learned the rudiments of

PP. 88-89 SCRIPPS COLLEGE, CLAREMONT, CA, GIFT OF THE GENERAL AND MRS. EDWARD CLINTON YOUNG; PP. 86-87 CARLETON MITCHELL AND RUTH MITCHELL COLLECTION, THE BALTIMORE MUSEUM OF ART

watercolor from his mother, Henrietta, and a practical appreciation of business from his father, Charles Savage Homer, a hardware merchant who encouraged his son to serve an apprenticeship with a Boston lithographer. This taught Winslow drawing and led to his work as an illustrator for *Harper's Weekly*, for which he covered the Civil War. He produced powerful oil paintings from the conflict and its aftermath, and won critical acclaim for the originality, honesty and energy of his work. Largely self-taught, he started in 1873 to experiment in the tricky idiom of watercolor, which he would make part of his artistic language for the rest of his life. He produced some 700 known watercolors by the time of his death in 1910. His supremacy in the medium was undisputed by then, and so it remains today, as evidenced by the exhibition at the Art Institute of Chicago, the largest gathering of his watercolors in more than two decades.

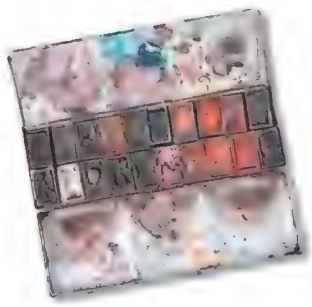
Given the fragility of watercolor pigments, which fade when exposed to light, the Chicago show provides a rare opportunity to see many of Homer's works in one place, collected from private owners and museums around the country. The exhibition also tracks how the artist mastered the medium over three decades; how he used it to experiment with subjects he would enlarge upon in oils; how he incorporated a compact watercolor kit into his far-flung painting excursions; and how the medium became a ready source of income for the ever-practical Homer, who could produce watercolors more cheaply, more quickly and in greater quantity than he could bulky, slow-drying oil paintings. The show also sheds light on Homer's pioneering use of scraping, sponging, sanding, blotting and other reductive techniques to put foam in his waves, mist in his skies and a glint in the eye of an Adirondack guide.

"A much richer picture of Winslow Homer emerges from this exhibition," says the show's curator, Tedeschi. Conservators at the Institute spent part of the past two years performing technical analyses of selected Homer watercolors, scrutinizing them with microscopes, X-rays, infrared light and other diagnostic tools to unlock a few of the master's secrets. (See p. 90.) Such high-tech intrusions would no doubt have driven Homer to apoplexy, but in Tedeschi's view, the new research only heightens the artist's standing.

"It reinforces his genius," she says. "Homer has long been admired as a watercolorist capable of painting quickly to record the most immediate and ephemeral sensations. Yet, as our line of inquiry indicated, his watercolor practice was also full of experimentation—studying, reworking and planning. While part of his genius was his ability to make his watercolors look effortless, they are often the result of complex and even labored artistic planning. But he never sacrifices that feeling of immediacy. You never see all the hard work behind the images. I think that makes his achievement even more miraculous."

"I WOULD IN A COUPLE OF HOURS, WITH THE THING RIGHT BEFORE ME, SECURE THE TRUTH OF THE WHOLE IMPRESSION," HE TOLD A FRIEND.

Searching for new ways of seeing, Homer (above: in his mid-40s) settled in Cullercoats, England, where he created heroic views of his neighbors (left: *Four Fishwives*, 1881) in watercolor. His paint box (below) shows signs of far-flung travels.



IT SEEMS THAT WAY when you stand before *The Wreck of the Iron Crown*, which Homer carefully packed and shipped home to his Boston dealer in February 1882, with a $250 price

BOWDOIN COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, BRUNSWICK, MAINE, GIFT OF THE HOMER FAMILY (2)

BENEATH THE SURFACE

A high-tech investigation helps explain Winslow Homer's staying power

THE FRUGAL WINSLOW HOMER was at his most parsimonious with words—especially when asked to reveal his aesthetic ideas or his methods of working. "I think it would probably kill me to have such a thing appear," he told a friendly writer who proposed a biography. The artist doggedly rebuffed all such overtures, left only a thin trail of correspondence and remained resolutely tight-lipped, particularly about his artistic views.

But his more than 700 watercolors provide scattered biographical and artistic clues. In the most recent investigation into his methods, mounted by the Art Institute of Chicago, a meticulous study focused on 25 watercolors.

Using a microscope, Kristi A. Dahm, assistant paper conservator at the Art Institute, discovered lines of black pigment—from carbon paper—barely visible in Homer's *Man with Plow Horse*, an indication that Homer transferred the design from another drawing or sketch. He used carbon paper in the 1860s and 1870s to make copies of his works, to experiment with winning designs in various media and to save time—all of prime concern to Homer.

To create the look of foam in *The Watcher, Tynemouth* in 1882, Homer used green and blue washes mixed with red for the ocean, let the paint dry, dipped a brush in clear water and made swirls in the waves. He scraped soft pigment from other parts of the picture to produce the look of crashing waves, and then let this dry before adding touches of opaque white watercolor to create areas of thick foam.

Researchers found tiny grains of silica—from sandpaper—buried

ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO, MR. AND MRS. MARTIN A. RYERSON COLLECTION (3 - INCLUDING BACKGROUND DETAIL OF *PROUT'S NECK, BREAKERS*)

throughout the surface of *Prout's Neck, Breakers*, a watercolor Homer completed in 1883. In this picture, where waves rumble over a shelf of rocks and throw up clouds of spray, the artist laid in a blue-gray wash for the sky, allowed it to dry and gently sanded down spots of pigment to the ivory-colored paper beneath, thus summoning up the look of mist and spray. Sanding, scraping and similar methods were known to English watercolorists of Homer's day but were seldom used in America. By studying handbooks and perhaps by interviewing English practitioners, Homer paved the way with these watercolor techniques in the United States, where they are still used.

Homer deployed a knife blade to flick a speck of color from the eye of guide Rufus Wallace, paddling a canoe in *Adirondacks Guide* (above). The artist's precision surgery, discovered by microscopic analysis, puts a well-placed glint (left) in the boatman's eye at a moment of reflection.

Analysis of several other works shows that time has altered Homer's original intentions, causing the red skies to fade in such watercolors as *The Lone Boat*, *For to Be a Farmer's Boy* and *North Woods Club, Adirondacks*. In each, Homer touched up the skies with a pink madder wash from red lake pigment, which eventually disappears. To simulate the look of Homer's originals, the Art Institute has produced digital reconstructions on its Web site, www.artic.edu/aic/research/homer.

"We did not set out to demystify Homer," says Martha Tedeschi, the Art Institute curator who conceived the project. "But we have gotten some insight into how this master technician achieved what he did with his watercolors—his works of effortless complexity. He made it look easy, but now we know it wasn't." **—R.M.P.**

tag. The picture still radiates a feeling of tension as the *Iron Crown* teeters on the edge of destruction: the sand stings, the surf thunders, the black sky bears down on the ship—and all these years later, the viewer involuntarily shudders.

Homer's eerie ability to convey the mood of the moment is one of the reasons his work endures. "You feel that you're feeling what Homer wanted you to feel," says Tedeschi. "If it's a sunny meadow, you're in that sunny meadow. If it's a marine subject, you feel the sea breeze and hear the surf. I wouldn't call it realism. I'd call it a kind of veracity. Especially in his watercolors, he produces a very convincing aura, which often includes a clear sense of what the temperature is, what the air movement is like, where the light is coming from. You just let yourself feel it, which is very satisfying."

His sojourn in Cullercoats, which occupied Homer for almost two years, greatly broadened his range of expression. Once known as the chronicler of American childhood and farm life, Homer grappled with weightier concerns in England. There he began to consider the precarious place of humans in the natural order. He produced at least 55 watercolors while living on the North Sea and completed another 20 or so based on Cullercoats after his return to the United States in 1882. They were more sophisticated, more finished, more subtle and larger than anything he had attempted before. He spent hours closely observing the light and gauging the weather, made careful preliminary sketches, reworked them in his studio and sometimes finished them outdoors with a model in tow, just as the desired conditions of light, weather and atmosphere fell into place. "I would in a couple of hours, with the thing right before me, secure the truth of the whole impression," he told a friend.

Homer came to admire the hardy men and women who wrested their living from the sea, risking their lives each day. They march through his pictures with their baskets, mend their nets and converse quietly from boat to boat on calm evenings. And day after day, they look anxiously to sea under racing clouds, waiting and watching for a loved one's boat to appear. Homer celebrates the dignity of his Cullercoats subjects, the fragility of their lives and the raw power of the natural world in which they exist—themes he would explore in other settings and by other means again and again.

HOMER'S EERIE ABILITY TO CONVEY THE MOOD OF THE MOMENT IS ONE OF THE REASONS HIS WORK ENDURES. "YOU FEEL WHAT HE WANTED YOU TO."

Abandoning an active social life and young models (below: *The New Novel*, 1877), Homer retreated to Maine where he set up a spartan studio (above) and gained a reputation as a recluse.

His English stay proved transformative, says Nicolai Cikovsky Jr., a Homer biographer and the former senior curator of American and British painting at the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C. "It's hard to think of such an extraordinary change in another artist. His figures become more classical, more sculptural; his subjects more heroic; his outlook more epic; his meaning more serious. The work gets physically larger." For the business-minded Homer, bigger pictures meant bigger paychecks: "I will send you some water colors—large size & price," he wrote to a Boston dealer in October 1881, two months before shipping 30 new sheets to him. "You can keep them in a portfolio or have an exhibition as you think best."

The dealer, J. Eastman Chase, quickly arranged a show for February 1882, to good reviews. Homer's new work, the *Boston Evening Transcript* re-

COURTESY OF THE KUHN FAMILY PAPERS AND ARMORY SHOW RECORDS, 1859-1978 / ARCHIVES OF AMERICAN ART, SI; MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, SPRINGFIELD, MA, HORACE P. WRIGHT COLLECTION, PHOTO BY DAVID STANSBURY

ported, was "positively exhilarating." More shows and favorable notices followed. "Homer is both the historian and poet of the sea and sea-coast life," said one critic. The influential Mariana Griswold Van Rensselaer, writing in *The Century Magazine*, described Homer's Cullercoats watercolors as "not only . . . the most complete and beautiful things he has yet produced, but among the most interesting [that] American art has yet created."

Much to Homer's delight, the English works sold well in America, where he was soon earning as much as $250 per watercolor, up from the $50 to $75 he had commanded at the start of his career. "You will see," he confided to a friend, "in the future I will live by my watercolors." Homer's prediction proved to be prophetic on two levels: watercolors made him famous in his own time, and they paid the bills, which freed him to lavish months, even years, on such monumental oil paintings as *The Fox Hunt*, *The Herring Net*, *Lost on the Grand Banks* and *Northeaster*.

ALL OF THESE OILS were painted in Prout's Neck, Maine, a rocky peninsula battered by the North Atlantic and situated about ten miles south of Portland. Homer settled there in 1883, shortly after his return to the United States. He was drawn to the Maine coast for its harsh beauty, its dramatic equinoctial storms and its isolation. It was also convenient. His family had bought land and established summer homes there: Homer's parents moved in with his eldest brother, Charles, while middle brother Arthur built his own place near-

by. The living arrangements soon became too crowded for Winslow, who commandeered a carriage house from one of the properties, had it moved up the shore and converted it into the plain home and studio that became the center of his world for the rest of his life. One special feature of the house was its covered balcony, "braced so as to hold a complete Sunday school picknick," in Homer's phrase. This piazza, which offered a commanding view of the ocean, became a favorite roost for Homer, who haunted it for hours on end, staring out to sea, observing the incessant war between waves and rocks, the raw material for future work.

His time in Cullercoats had taught Homer not only new ways of seeing but also new ways of living. He discovered that he worked best alone, away from the social demands of an urban environment. He felt a special affinity for the independent farmers and fishermen of Prout's Neck. They were blessedly scarce on the ground, they respected his privacy and, like him, they worked with their hands.

"All of his life Homer was attracted to working people," says Tedeschi. "He was a worker himself. He had no great pretensions about who he was or what he was. Other workers fished. He worked in paint." Indeed, in the rare instances when Homer spoke about his art, he used the language of labor: his studio was a "painting factory"; he produced not art but "goods" to be sold.

Homer's hardworking habits won the respect of his neighbors at Prout's Neck, who even came to accept his strange ways—his walking backward on the beach squinting at the sky, his pacing the balcony alone at night, his refusal to answer the door, his congenital frankness, his compulsive hoarding. He had six kerosene stoves, and he received a never-ending stream of supplies by mail—cases of fruit, barrels of cider, legs of mutton and, in one memorable shipment, 144 pairs of socks. Portland's best tailor dispatched a new pair of pants to him every month. Even on the wild coast of Maine, he remained something of a dandy, dressing sharp, decorating his lapel with a flower and bounding over the surf-lashed rocks in a tam-o'-shanter, complete with pompom. His constant companion on these excursions was a fat terrier named Sam, who came to look like a white pig as he grew older, gasping in Homer's wake. Homer slowed his pace so that Sam could catch up, which the neighbors noted approvingly.

When he painted outside, Homer made a sign to discourage inquisitive spectators: "Snakes Snakes Mice!" proclaimed the warning, planted on the beach path and aimed primarily at summer residents who lacked the circumspection of year-rounders. He slept with a pistol—this in a place where crime was virtually unknown. "I am a dead shot & should shoot, without asking any questions, if anyone was in my house after 12 at night," he declared. Nobody disturbed him.

Homer seemed to thrive in his solitude. "This is [the] only life in which I am permitted to mind my own business," he told a friend shortly after moving to Prout's Neck. "I suppose I am today the only man in New England who can do it." He elaborated in a letter to his brother Charles: "The sun will not rise, nor set, without my notice, and thanks."

Yet Homer must have been lonely when the emphatic Maine winter roared in, his relatives scattered and he faced the empty months with little human contact. He bore down on his painting, took long walks, admired the ocean storms and scribbled on the walls. He drank deeply, stopped and started again. "The trouble was I thought that for a change I would give up drinking," he joked in 1903. It was "a great mistake & although I reduced the size of my nose & improved my beauty my stomach suffered."

"THIS IS [THE] ONLY LIFE IN WHICH I AM PERMITTED TO MIND MY OWN BUSINESS. I SUPPOSE I AM . . . THE ONLY MAN IN NEW ENGLAND WHO CAN DO IT."

To escape the Maine winters, indulge his passion for fishing and immerse himself in rich tropical colors, Homer regularly traveled to Florida and the Bahamas (left: *Under the Coco Palm*, 1898). Before the Spanish-American War, he looked in on Cuba (above: *Street Corner, Santiago de Cuba*, 1885, detail).

ROBERT M. POOLE *is a contributing editor at* SMITHSONIAN. *He has visited all of the places that inspired Winslow Homer's art.*

Given the number of handsome women who appear in Homer's work, many researchers have wondered why he remained a lifelong bachelor. He was characteristically silent on the subject, but generations of scholars have speculated, based on suggestive but inconclusive evidence, that one of his models may have broken Homer's heart, crushing his romantic ambitions and setting him to wander.

WITH PROUT'S NECK his safe harbor and home base, Homer would continue wandering for the rest of his life, gathering artistic material as he went. An avid fly fisherman, he packed off to Quebec or the Adirondacks on trouting campaigns, and to Florida, the Bahamas and other tropical locations—always with his battered watercolor kit in hand.

Like other urban refugees who ventured into the wilderness for rejuvenation, Homer came to rely upon these backwoods forays. The excursions also provided another market for his watercolors, which were snapped up by anglers, hunters and a growing community of outdoor enthusiasts. Ever conscious of commercial opportunities, Homer planned sporting vacations with them in mind.

"I send you by the American Ex. today six watercolors of fishing subjects," he announced to his New York dealer in April 1901. "They may be of interest to the fishermen now turned loose for Spring fishing. If you know any fishermen call their attention to them." Another springtime, another excursion: "As I shall go up for the Spring fishing," he reported to the same dealer in 1903, "I will take my sketch block & will give you a full line of goods for next season."

His "goods" from the North Woods Club in Essex County, New York, where Homer fished for many years, were noted for their fluidity, their understated grace and their feeling for the empty spaces—where a brook trout sails through the air to nab a fly, a majestic buck swims through an October pond, a pair of Adirondack guides drift in their boat on a perfect summer's day, masters of their environment.

Yet Homer's images are seldom as simple as they appear. His leaping trout hangs in that decisive moment between freedom and death; his North Woods guides represent a rugged individualism threatened by modern ways; his swimming buck is hounded by a hunter and his dog, almost unnoticed in the background of Homer's watercolor. Even when he was grinding out works for the hook-and-bullet set, Homer often layered his art with an element of uncertainty or irony.

"These aren't just pretty pictures," says Cikovsky. "There's always more going on in Homer's work and you have to be alert to this. He can put something almost sinister into a beautiful landscape."

Homer believed that it was the viewer's job to discern hidden layers of meaning. He never explained his intentions and became furious when anyone asked about them. "I regret very much that I have painted a picture that requires any description," he fumed when his New York dealer asked for an explanation of *The Gulf Stream*, the famous oil depicting a sailor adrift on stormy seas, his sloop dismasted (above right).

ONE OF HOMER'S MOST POWERFUL ARTISTIC STATEMENTS, *THE GULF STREAM* WAS NOT THE SORT OF ART YOU WOULD HANG IN THE LIVING ROOM.

"I will live by my watercolors," Homer said. He used them to pay bills, experiment with color and buy time for creating oils like *The Gulf Stream* (right) and *Right and Left* (below).

"The subject of the picture is comprised in its title," Homer explained. "You can tell these ladies that the unfortunate Negro who now is so dazed & parboiled will be rescued & returned to his friends and home & ever after live happily."

Finished in 1899, *The Gulf Stream* was nearly 15 years in the making, longer than Homer devoted to any other project. This oil painting resulted from a series of watercolors Homer began in 1885, after his first visit to Florida and the Bahamas. He crossed the Gulf Stream for the first time that year and may have seen or heard about a shipwreck there. He started to elaborate upon the experience in watercolors.

The first watercolor of "The Gulf Stream" series, known as *Sharks*, or *The Derelict*, portrays an abandoned sloop with sharks circling; another called *Shark Fishing*, finished about the same time, introduces human interest, a pair of young Bahamian men towing a thrashing shark behind their small boat, which is dwarfed by the predator. A later watercolor, probably from 1899, shuffles these elements—the listing wreck, the black sailor sprawled wearily on deck, a mammoth shark reaching for the stern—into a design that begins to look like Homer's final vision for the oil painting. In its last iteration, he sharpens the drama: the sailor has lost his shirt and hat, a waterspout has boiled up behind him and the single shark of the last watercolor has become five sharks churn-

GIFT OF THE AVALON FOUNDATION / NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON; PP. 92-93 HARVARD UNIVERSITY ART MUSEUMS, FOGG ART MUSEUM, LOUISE E. BETTENS FUND, #1920.29; P. 93 MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON, ANONYMOUS GIFT IN MEMORY OF HORACE D. CHAPIN, PHOTO ©2008 MFA, BOSTON

ing around the boat. The sailor, as if beyond caring, looks listlessly away from the sharks, which cavort through waves already flecked with red.

Although acknowledged as one of Homer's most powerful artistic statements, *The Gulf Stream* was not the sort of art you would hang in the living room, which may be why it sat unsold at M. Knoedler & Company in New York for several years, much to Homer's dismay. "I realize that this small business of mine is of little value to you," Homer complained to the dealer in November 1906. "You are willing to sell & I am ready to paint but I no longer paint for nothing." Homer continued fuming until December, when *The Gulf Stream* was shown at the National Academy of Design, bowled the judges over and was soon bought by the Metropolitan Museum of Art for $4,500—one of Homer's best payments yet. Bigger checks would follow.

Even as he aged, Homer continued to work both in watercolor and oils, each to its own purpose. The same artist who coolly summoned sharks and doom for *The Gulf Stream* also created luminous watercolors from the tropics, conjuring the eye-stabbing light and rustling palms of the Bahamas, the mountains of steamy cumulus piling over Key West, the crumbling languor of a hot street in Santiago—all attesting to Homer's omnivorous range, his sure grasp of optical effects and his mastery of color and light.

While his production flagged in later years, there was no sign that his powers of observation or artistic vision wavered. Even after he suffered a mild stroke in 1908, Homer quickly recovered his sight and coordination, resumed painting and tried to reassure his brother Charles by joking about it: "I can paint as well as ever," he wrote that summer. "I think my pictures better for having one eye in the pot and one eye in the chimney—a new departure in the art world."

At age 72, Homer became absorbed by a new project that kept him in Maine for the winter. "I am painting when it is light enough, on a most surprising picture," he reported to Charles in December 1908, "but the days are short and sometimes very dark." The result of this effort was indeed surprising, an oil painting entitled *Right and Left* (opposite). In it, he places two goldeneye ducks so prominently in the foreground that they threaten to swarm into the viewer's face. Homer catches them exactly at their moment of death, cut down by a shot-gunner in a boat, barely visible among jagged whitecaps and choppy seas. Homer's sympathy for the startled prey is obvious and in some way prescient. The painting proved to be his last major oil and his final meditation on mortality. He died of a hemorrhage at age 74 at Prout's Neck, with his brothers nearby and the sound of waves crashing outside.

Did Homer have a broken heart? Learn more at Smithsonian.com/homer

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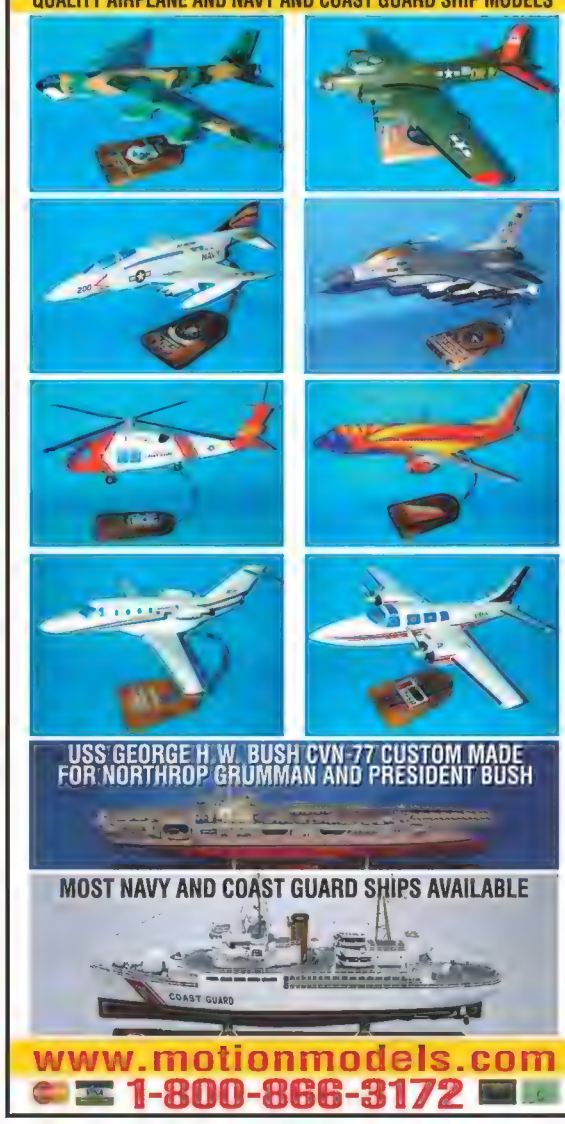
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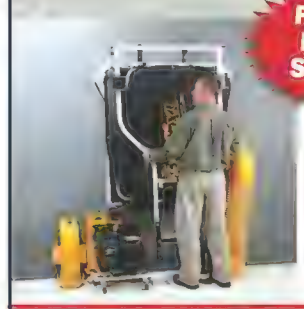

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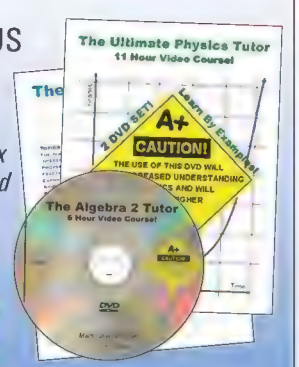

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Goodbye, Columbus

A new survey upends the conventional wisdom about who counts in American history **BY SAM WINEBURG**

LET'S BEGIN with a brief exercise. Who are the most famous Americans in history, excluding presidents and first ladies? Go ahead—list your top ten. I can wait.

A colleague and I recently put this question to 2,000 11th and 12th graders from all 50 states, curious to see whether they would name (as a great many educators had predicted) the likes of Paris Hilton, Britney Spears, Tupac Shakur, 50 Cent, Barry Bonds, Kanye West or any number of other hip-hop artists, celebrities or sports idols. To our surprise, the young people's answers showed that whatever they were reading in their history classrooms, it wasn't *People* magazine. Their top ten names were all bona fide historical figures.

To our even greater surprise, their answers pretty much matched those we gathered from 2,000 adults age 45 and over. From this modest exercise, we deduced that much of what we take for conventional wisdom about today's youth might be conventional, but it is not wisdom. Maybe we've spent so much time ferreting out what kids don't know that we've forgotten to ask what they do know.

Chauncey Monte-Sano of the University of Maryland and I designed our survey as an open-ended exercise. Rather than giving the students a list of names, we gave them a form with ten blank lines separated by a line in the middle. Part A came with these instructions: "Starting from Columbus to the present day, jot down the names of the most famous Americans in history." There was only one ground rule—no presidents or first ladies. Part B prompted for "famous women in American history" (again, no first ladies). Thus the questionnaire was weighted toward women, though many kids erased women's names from the first section before adding them to the second. But when we tallied our historical top ten, we counted the total num-

Who would make your list? Barry Bonds, Amelia Earhart or Thomas Edison (top)? Ben Franklin, Britney Spears or Harriet Tubman (middle)? Perhaps the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., Oprah Winfrey or Susan B. Anthony?

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ber of times a name appeared, regardless of which section.

Of course a few kids clowned around, but most took the survey seriously. About an equal number of kids and adults listed Mom; from adolescent boys we learned that Jenna Jameson is the biggest star of the X-rated movie industry. But neither Mom nor Jenna was anywhere near the top. Only three people appeared on 40 percent of all questionnaires. All three were African-American.

For today's teens, the most famous American in history is . . . the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., appearing on 67 percent of all lists. Rosa Parks was close behind, at 60 percent, and third was Harriet Tubman, at 44 percent. Rounding out the top ten were Susan B. Anthony (34 percent), Benjamin Franklin (29 percent), Amelia Earhart (23 percent), Oprah Winfrey (22 percent), Marilyn Monroe (19 percent), Thomas Edison (18 percent) and Albert Einstein (16 percent). For the record, our sample matched within a few percentage points the demographics of the 2000 U.S. Census: about 70 percent of our respondents were white, 13 percent African-American, 9 percent Hispanic, 7 percent Asian-American, 1 percent Native American.

What about the gap between our supposedly unmoored youth and their historically rooted elders? There was not much of one. Eight of the top ten names were identical. (Instead of Monroe and Einstein, adults listed Betsy Ross and Henry Ford.) Among both kids and adults, neither region nor gender made much difference. Indeed, the only consistent difference was between races, and even there it was only between African-Americans and whites. Whites' lists comprised four African-Americans and six whites; African-Americans listed nine African-American figures and one white. (The African-American students put down Susan B. Anthony, the adults Benjamin Franklin.)

Trying to take the national pulse by counting names is fraught with problems. To start, we know little about our respondents beyond a few characteristics (gender, race/ethnicity and region, plus year and place of birth for adults).

TODAY'S TOP TEN FOR TEENS

Those named as the most famous Americans, excluding presidents and their wives, in a national poll of 2,000 11th and 12th graders:

1. Martin Luther King Jr.
2. Rosa Parks
3. Harriet Tubman
4. Susan B. Anthony
5. Benjamin Franklin
6. Amelia Earhart
7. Oprah Winfrey
8. Marilyn Monroe
9. Thomas Edison
10. Albert Einstein

You may raise an eyebrow. Or not. But note that a poll of 2,000 adults age 45 and over produced a list with only two differences—Betsy Ross and Henry Ford replaced Monroe and Einstein.

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When we tested our questionnaire on kids, we found that replacing "important" with "famous" made little difference, but we used "famous" with adults for the sake of consistency. Prompting for women's names obviously inflated their total, though we are at a loss to say by how many.

But still: such qualifications cannot mist the clarity of consensus we found among Americans of different ages, regions and races. Eighty-two years after Carter G. Woodson founded Negro History Week, Martin Luther King Jr. has emerged as the most famous American in history. This may come as no surprise—after all, King is the only American whose birthday is celebrated by name as a national holiday. But who would have predicted that Rosa Parks would be the second most named figure? Or that Harriet Tubman would be third for students and ninth for adults? Or that 45 years after the Civil Rights Act was passed, the three most common names appearing on surveys in an all-white classroom in, say, Columbia Falls, Montana, would belong to African-Americans? For many of those students' grandparents, this moment would have been unimaginable.

In the space of a few decades, African-Americans have moved from blurry figures on the margins of the national narrative to actors on its center stage. Surely multicultural education has played a role. When textbooks of the 1940s and '50s employed the disingenuous clause "leaving aside the Negro and Indian population" to sketch the national portrait, few cried foul. Not today. Textbooks went from "scarcely mentioning" minorities and women, as a 1995 Smith College study concluded, to "containing a substantial multicultural (and feminist) component" by the mid-1980s. Scanning the shelves of a school library—or even the youth biography section at your local mega-chain bookstore—it's hard to miss this change. Schools, of course, influence others besides students. Adults learn new history from their children's homework.

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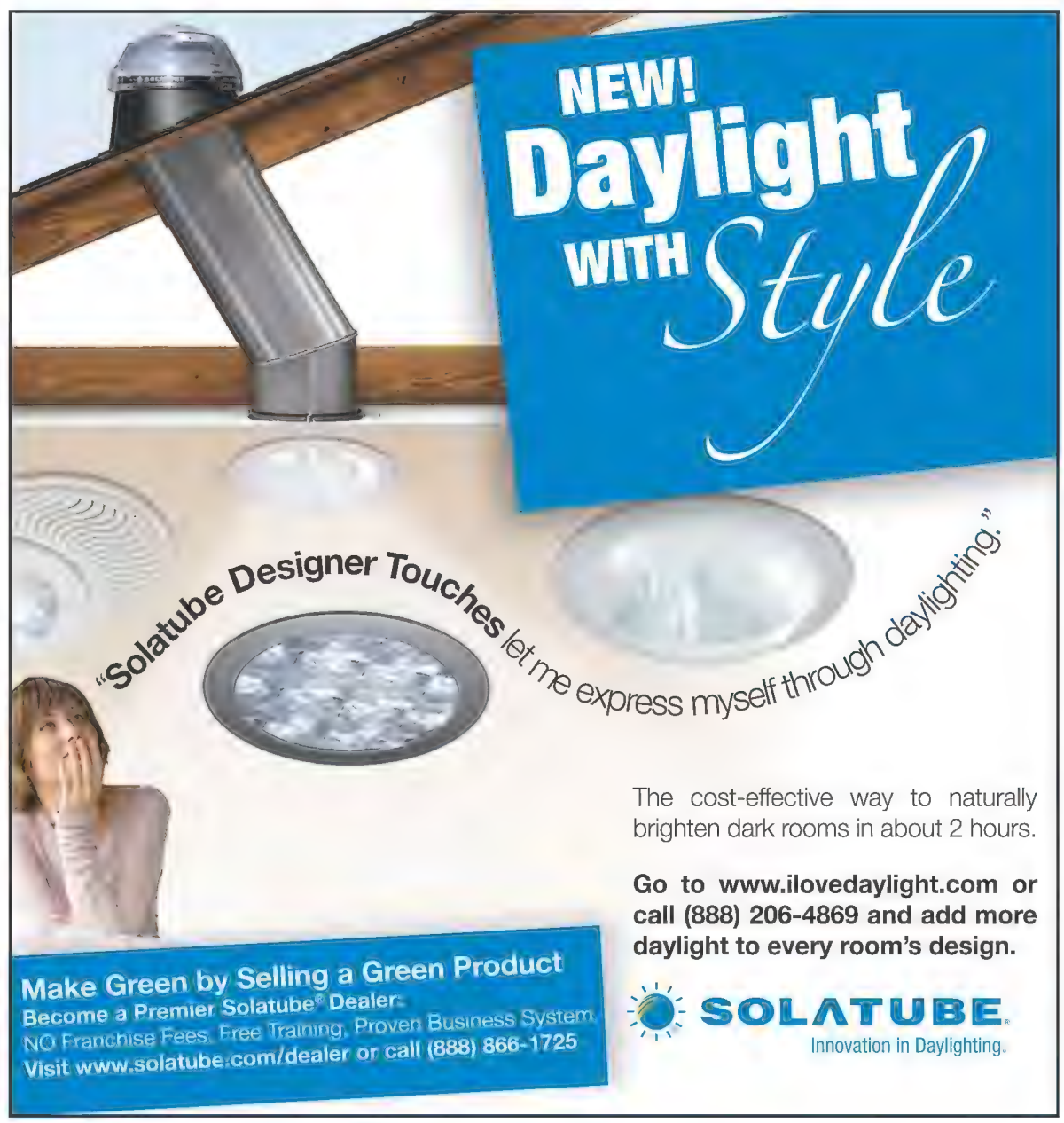
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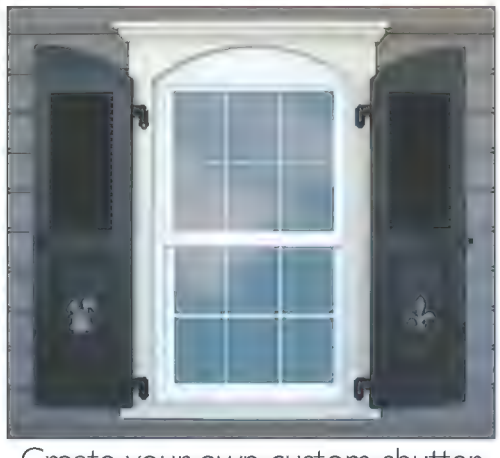

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Yet, to claim that the curriculum alone has caused these shifts would be simplistic. It wasn't librarians, but members of Congress who voted for Rosa Parks' body to lie in honor in the Capitol Rotunda after she died in 2005, the first woman in American history to be so honored. And it wasn't teachers, but officials at the United States Postal Service who in 1978 made Harriet Tubman the first African-American woman to be featured on a U.S. postage stamp (and who honored her with a second stamp in 1995). Kids learn about Martin Luther King not only in school assemblies, but also when they buy a Slurpee at 7-Eleven and find free copies of the "I Have a Dream" speech by the cash register.

Harriet Tubman's prominence on the list was something we wouldn't have predicted, particularly among adults. By any measure, Tubman was an extraordinary person, ferrying at least 70 slaves out of Maryland and indirectly helping up to 50 more. Still, the Underground Railroad moved 70,000 to 100,000 people out of slavery, and in terms of sheer impact, lesser-known individuals played larger roles—the freeman David Ruggles and his Vigilance Committee of New York, for example, aided a thousand fugitives during the 1830s. The alleged fact that a $40,000 bounty (the equivalent of $2 million today) was offered for her capture is sheer myth, but it has been printed over and over again in state-approved books and school biographies.

In other words, Tubman may be our new Betsy Ross—someone whose place in our national memory is assured by her symbolic star power. Ross' storied needlework, as Harvard University's Laurel Thatcher Ulrich has shown, has as much credibility as Parson Weems' tall tale of little George Washington's cherry tree. Still, a quarter-million visitors flock annually to the Betsy Ross House in Philadelphia.

It's much easier to document the accomplishments of the only living person to appear in the top ten list. Oprah Winfrey is not just one of the richest self-made women in America. She is also a magazine publisher, life coach,

philanthropist, kingmaker (think Dr. Phil), advocate for survivors of sexual abuse, school benefactor, even spiritual counselor. In a 2005 Beliefnet poll, more than a third of the respondents said she had "a more profound impact" on their spirituality than their pastor.

Some people might point to the inclusion of a TV talk-show host on our list as an indication of decline and imminent fall. I'd say that gauging Winfrey's influence by calling her a TV host makes as much sense as sizing up Ben Franklin's by calling him a printer. Consider the parallels: both rose from modest means to become the most identifiable Americans of their time; both became famous for serving up hearty doses of folk wisdom and common sense; both were avid readers and powerful proponents of literacy and both earned countless friends and admirers with their personal charisma.

Recently, the chairman of the National Endowment for the Humanities, Bruce Cole, worried that today's students don't learn the kind of history that will give them a common bond. To remedy this, he commissioned laminated posters of 40 famous works of art to hang in every American classroom, including Grant Wood's 1931 painting "The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere." "Call them myths if you want," Cole said, "but unless we have them, we don't have anything."

He can relax. Our kids seem to be doing just fine without an emergency transfusion of laminated artwork. Myths inhabit the national consciousness the way gas molecules fill a vacuum. In a country as diverse as ours, we instinctively search for symbols—in children's biographies, coloring contests, Disney movies—that allow us to rally around common themes and common stories, whether true, embellished or made out of whole cloth.

Perhaps our most famous national hand-wringer was Arthur Schlesinger Jr., whose 1988 *Disuniting of America: Reflections on a Multicultural Society* predicted our national downfall. "Left unchecked," he wrote, the "new ethnic gospel" is a recipe for "fragmentation, resegregation

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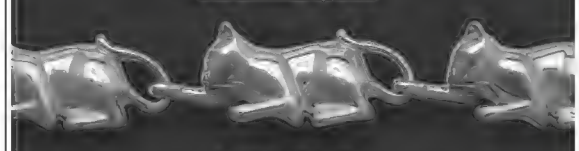

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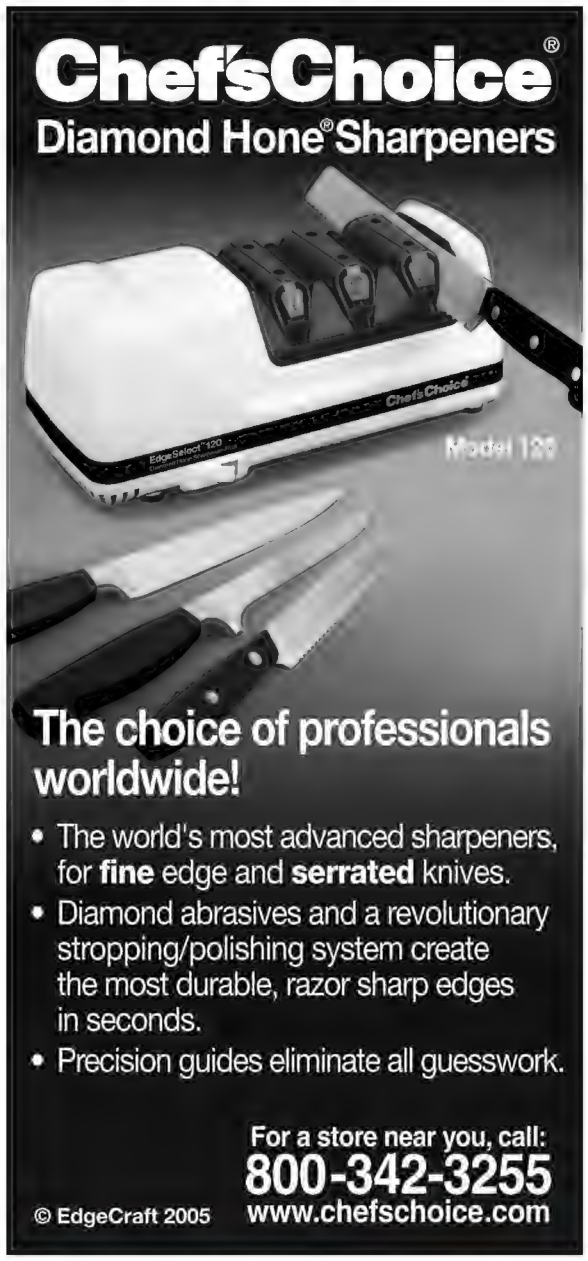
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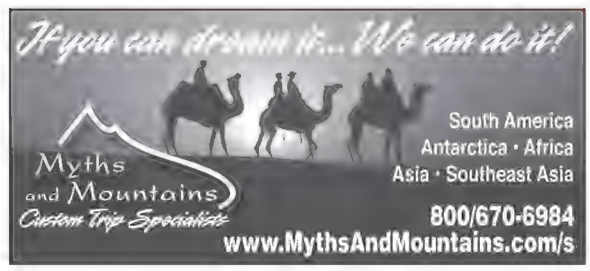

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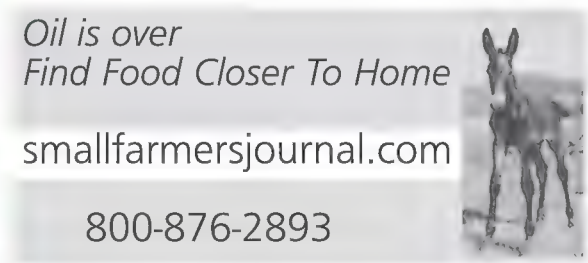

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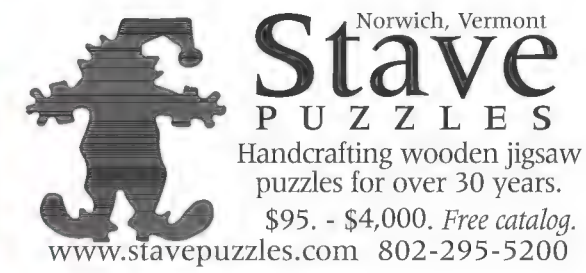

and tribalization of American life."

If, like Schlesinger (who died last year), Monte-Sano and I had focused on statements by the most extreme multiculturalists, we may have come to a similar conclusion. But that's not what we did. Instead, we gave ordinary kids in ordinary classrooms a simple survey and compared their responses with those from the ordinary adults we found eating lunch in a Seattle pedestrian mall, shopping for crafts at a street fair in Philadelphia or waiting for a bus in Oklahoma City. What we discovered was that Americans of different ages, regions, genders and races congregated with remarkable consistency around the same small set of names. To us, this sounds more like unity than fragmentation.

The common figures who draw together Americans today look somewhat different from those of former eras. While there are still a few inventors, entrepreneurs and entertainers, the others who capture our imagination are those who acted to expand rights, alleviate misery, rectify injustice and promote freedom. That Americans young and old, in locations as distant as Columbia Falls, Montana, and Tallahassee, Florida, listed the same figures seems deeply symbolic of the story we tell ourselves about who we think we are—and perhaps who we, as Americans, aspire to become.

SAM WINEBURG *is a professor of education and history at Stanford University.*

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Lucky fisherman "catches" $100,000,000 treasure lost for 209 years under the sea

A close-up view of a America's First Silver Dollar recovered in the Gulf of Mexico by a commercial fisherman. These long-lost coins were part of the cargo of a Spanish warship that set sail for New Orleans in 1784. Experts value the treasure in excess of $100,000,000.

Vast shipwreck treasure sees light of day. It was sunrise on an August morning when a fisherman and his crew cast their nets from his trawling vessel some 50 miles south of Louisiana in the Gulf of Mexico. While trolling the depths, the net suddenly got caught and the captain could only dread the lost time and money that the damage would bring. As the tattered net emerged from the ocean depths, he spied what appeared to be clumps of rocks weighing it down.

As the net hovered slowly over the deck, the contents poured out followed by excited cries of "Coins! Coins!" The captain quickly realized they had snagged a fisherman's dream: sunken treasure! And not just any treasure, but early American silver dollars that had gone down 209 years earlier.

In 1784, at the end of the American Revolutionary War, a heavily armed ship was bound for the port of New Orleans. On board was a fortune in Spanish Silver Dollars. These dollars were well known by Thomas Jefferson, Ben Franklin and other founding fathers of our nation. Hundreds of thousands of them were loaded for the trip to New Orleans, yet not a single one arrived.

With no survivors from the ill-fated voyage, historians can only guess at what happened. Some say powerful storms took her down while others speculate it was treasure-hungry pirates. Whatever happened, the secret – along with a treasure valued near $100,000,000 in today's dollars – was sent to a watery grave some 300 feet below the ocean's surface.

America's first silver dollar. The favorite coin of colonial Americans, they were called "Spanish Milled Dollars". Widely used and accepted as payment in the thirteen colonies, the United States government accorded them status of official legal tender.

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Unfortunately, even though they were struck in large quantities, not many Spanish Milled Dollars survive today. They were widely used in the United States through the Civil War. Then, the government withdrew them from circulation and they were melted down.

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Some say powerful storms took down the Spanish ship in 1784, others speculate it was blood-thirsty pirates. Whatever really happened remains a mystery.

The Origin of the Dollar Sign

Ever wonder where our "$" sign originated? Numismatic experts believe that the American colonists abbreviated transactions in Spanish milled dollars by drawing a pillar wrapped with a scroll. Look carefully at the reverse of America's first silver dollar and you will notice a pillar on each side of the crowned coat of arms. The pillar is wrapped with a scroll, approximating the symbol we use today for our national currency. Indeed, early Americans also called these coins "pillar dollars."

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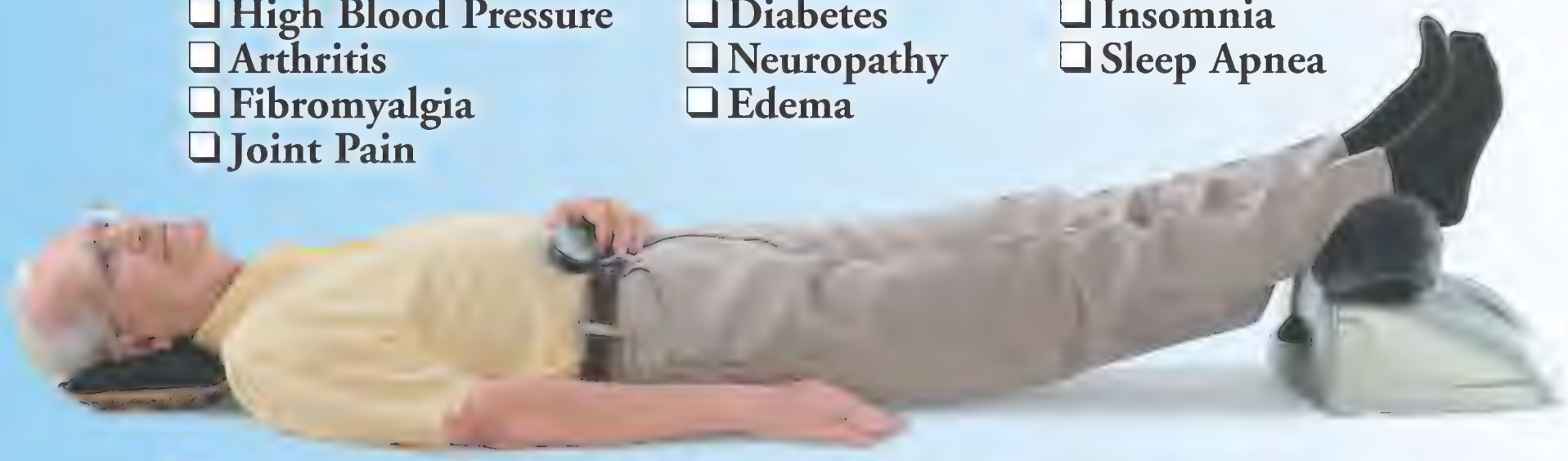

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What people are saying about the Exerciser 2000 Elite™

After using the Exerciser 2000 Elite™ twice a day for one week the swelling in my ankles went away. It has also helped my breathing, as I can get out and walk without having to stop and catch my breath! Thank you. —*Shirley H., Florida*

After having a stroke, I could no longer exercise the way I used to. As a result, I developed edema. A friend of mine introduced me to the Exerciser 2000 Elite™. I loved it and I purchased one for myself. After using the machine daily for a few weeks, my symptoms of edema were completely gone. I now use the machine twice a day for 16 minutes each time on speed 3. What a wonderful way to exercise.—*Robert M.*

I am in my late 80's and have diabetes. The first thing I noticed when I started using my machine was that my feet were warm when I went to bed. They were always ice cold before. Because one of my problems is poor circulation, I use the machine three times a day for 10 minutes each; in the morning, late afternoon and just before bed. I almost forgot to mention that I have not been able to lift my arms above my head. Now I can do it. You think that's no big deal until you can't do it anymore. —*Ralph K.*

As a Chiropractor, I would like to say that the Exerciser 2000 Elite™ enables people to benefit themselves at home. It is a valuable asset in moving lymph fluid, oxygenating the blood, increasing immune system function, maintaining mobility in the spine, and additionally freeing up a spine that has become stiff and arthritic. —*Garry Gorsuch, D.C.*

I love using the Exerciser 2000 Elite™ after my morning workout. It is an excellent way to cool down and it helps to start my day off right.—*Deanna C., Kansas*

My husband and I have been into natural products all of our lives but nothing has ever affected us like the Exerciser 2000 Elite™. My husband is 72 and delivers flowers. He carries 5 gallon buckets of water. Since using the machine, his back hasn't hurt him at all. My hips would hurt if I stood too long and I would get weak and have to sit down. Now I can walk and sit as long as I want. I don't take pain medication anymore. In the morning, when I get out of bed I'm not stiff anymore. At 65, wow, this is great! Thank you for offering such a great machine. We are going to tell everyone we know about it. —*Cheryl J.*

The ad I saw almost sounded "too good to be true". With your no risk money back guarantee I figured I had nothing to lose so I purchased the machine… and boy, am I glad I did! I am 75 years old and suffer from sciatica, which makes my back and legs tighten up and causes numbness. I was taking 8-10 Aleve™ every day. After using the machine for only 4 minutes, I noticed my lower back loosening up. Since I have been using the machine I haven't taken any pain pills and have been pain free. My sciatica is not giving me problems anymore and my body stays loosened up. I have also had a snoring problem for quite some time, however, since using the machine my snoring has subsided. My wife is so excited! I cannot tell you how much this machine has turned my life around. —*C. Cummings*

I have had constipation problems for over 25 years. Since I have been using the Exerciser 2000 Elite™ I have been regular every day and have begun to lose weight. This is truly a blessing and is so easy to use. —*Jeannie*

I had suffered with sleep apnea for many years and had been taking drugs for it. I was told I would have to use a breathing apparatus. In the meantime, I was introduced to the Exerciser 2000 Elite™ and decided to purchase one. Within two weeks, I was sleeping more deeply and restfully than ever before. —*David B.*

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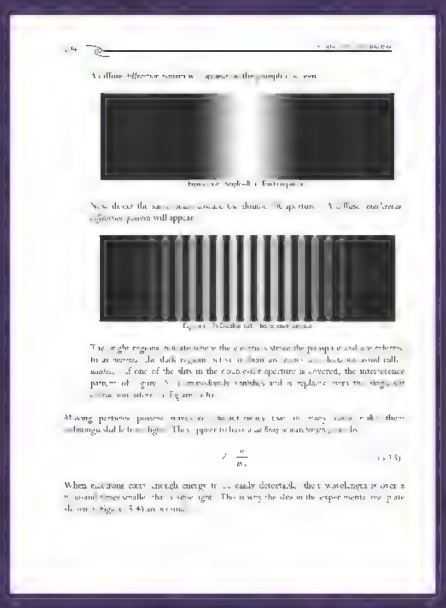

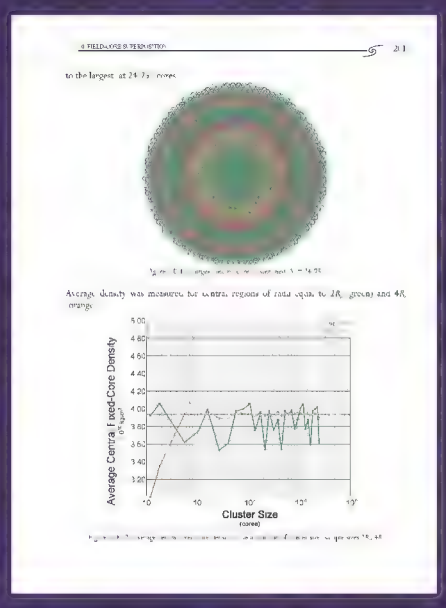

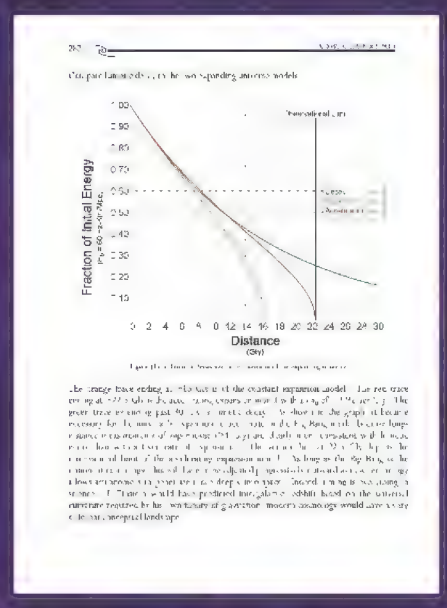

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My grown kids and I rely on email to stay in touch. Keeping in touch with my Mom is different. She doesn't have or want a computer, and while I always had good intentions of printing photos and sending letters, I just didn't have the time. Sure, I call a lot, but she was missing out on all of the great family emails and photos that I get from my kids.

Simple Technology Makes Staying in Touch Easy

Last Mother's Day we got her the HP Printing Mailbox. It is a remarkable product that lets anyone receive email and attached photos, or PDF documents, without the hassle and expense of a computer or Internet connection. It's easy to set up and simple to use. All you need is an existing phone line and electrical outlet. Now our whole family can send Mom email and photos that are transformed into beautiful, full-color printouts. Messages are printed automatically, so all she has to do is pick them up off of the Printing Mailbox, read, and enjoy! It couldn't be simpler. Whether we send pictures, jokes, or just a note saying, "Hi, we love you," Mom says the HP Printing Mailbox has been a real joy.

Try Presto

See firsthand how Presto brings loved ones who don't use a computer into the electronic family loop. It's risk free. If you're not completely satisfied, simply return it within 60 days for a refund.

"Presto has provided a simple and powerful way for my family to share photos with each other with no one being left out."

— Brian V. from California

"My mother LOVES it! This is the best present I have ever given my mother. She says that getting her Presto mail is like someone coming to her house for a visit."

— Sherri M. from Chicago

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ADVERTISEMENT

Surgery Can't Fix Dark Circles!

Finally, researchers have developed the first product to combine a clinically proven compound to reduce those dark under-eye circles and simultaneously reduce fine lines and wrinkles, resulting in noticeably younger looking eyes.

—By Sarah Tucker

I can't tell you how often I'm told that I look tired because of the dark circles under my eyes. I guess some people don't realize how embarrassing this is...I have been plagued with dark circles since my early 20s! But finally I don't have to worry about them anymore since I found Hydrolyze.

Solves Two Beauty Problems At Once!

Hydrolyze was created by one of America's premier anti-aging skin care companies. They have succeeded at creating the first intensive eye cream to effectively combat not one but TWO of the most aggravating beauty problems... under-eye dark circles and wrinkles.

Hydrolyze[H] Under Eye Treatment® Combats Twice As Many Beauty Problems Than The Leading Eye Creams

BENEFITS	Hydrolyze	Hylexin™*	StriVectin-SD®**
HELPS DIMINISH DARK CIRCLES	✓	✓	
REDUCES WRINKLES	✓		✓

Contains Haloxyl™† AND Matrixyl™ 3000‡

Hydrolyze works so well at making your eyes look younger and brighter because it combines the most effective leading ingredient for reducing serious dark circles and bags, Haloxyl™†, with Matrixyl™ 3000‡, the most advanced anti-wrinkle ingredient known to science, proven to reduce visible deep wrinkles by up to 68%. You can't help but see and feel a noticeable difference after just a few weeks.

Why Dark Circles Form In The First Place

Despite what most people think, deep, dark circles under your eyes are not primarily caused by being tired or stressed. Instead, dermatologists and plastic surgeons agree that dark circles are caused by capillaries that leak blood close to the skin's surface. When this blood begins to oxidize, it turns a bluish red color, similar to an ugly bruise. And since the skin under the eyes is very thin, this leads to the appearance of those embarrassing bags and dark circles. The more transparent your skin and the more blood that pools under it, the darker the circles appear. And what's worse, this discoloration over time can become permanent!

Helps Reduce & Prevent Dark Circles

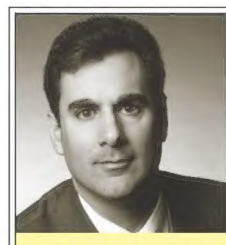
In scientific studies, Hydrolyze's main active ingredient, Haloxyl™†, has been shown to help reduce the leaked blood under the skin (or "hemoglobin degradation by-products" as the plastic surgeons say) by using a series of natural enzymes that break down the blood and cause the dark circles to fade. In fact, Haloxyl™† is so effective because it actually helps strengthen the capillaries to help prevent them from leaking in the first place.

Need Proof?

In a double-blind clinical trial more than 72% of women who had serious dark circles and used Haloxyl™† saw an obvious visible reduction in the dark color under their eyes. These findings were confirmed using high-speed laboratory photography that clearly showed a significant reduction in the appearance of the blue and red color that make up dark eye circles.

With Matrixyl™ 3000‡, The Most Advanced Wrinkle Reducer Known To Science

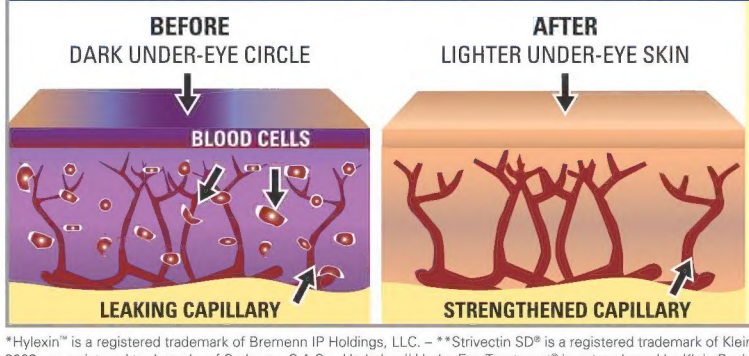
Hydrolyze is so effective at making your eyes look so much younger because it also includes one of the most effective wrinkle reducing compounds ever produced, Matrixyl™ 3000‡. Due to its advanced wrinkle fighting technology, this clinically proven compound actually stimulates collagen production to help reduce the appearance of visible deep wrinkles by 68% and increase the firmness of your skin after only two months. All natural Hydrolyze was designed to be safe and gentle enough for everyday use.



"The skin around the eyes is thin, and thus susceptible to dark circles. Surgery can not eliminate dark circles. Hydrolyze not only reduces the appearance of dark circles and bags but also helps prevent them."

—Dr. Michael Fiorillo is a world renowned board certified plastic and reconstructive surgeon.

How Hydrolyze[H] Under Eye Treatment® Reduces Dark Circles



Before – Dark circles form under the eyes due to weakened capillaries that leak blood close to the skin's surface.

After – Hydrolyze's active ingredient, Haloxyl™†, uses natural enzymes to help break down leaked blood under the skin and strengthen the capillaries to help prevent further blood leakage. Eyes appear brighter and younger.

Having A Hard Time Finding Hydrolyze[H] Under Eye Treatment®?

Until now Hydrolyze has only been available through plastic surgeons' offices in New York and Beverly Hills. But now you can experience first hand the unique results of Hydrolyze in combating both dark circles and wrinkles without a visit to a doctor.

The makers of Hydrolyze are so confident in their anti-aging technology, they're offering a 30-Day Risk Free Trial...because seeing is believing! To get your 30-day supply of Hydrolyze risk free, for just a small s&h fee, **call now**. Our operators are ready to let you try one of the greatest breakthroughs in fighting dark circles and wrinkles.

Call 888-867-0741 to get your Hydrolyze[H] Under Eye Treatment® 30-Day Risk Free Trial Today!

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www.HydrolyzeDirect.com

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We read of scientific research indicating that the earth's crust is billions of years old and that fossils of mankind are being unearthed from thirty thousand years ago. Consider that whoever or whatever created the earth and its people communicates with them by means of natural laws.

Richard W. Wetherill
1906-1989

During the past century, that communication revealed to the late Richard W. Wetherill the existence of a natural law not previously identified, although it relates to a ***principle*** of all natural laws: ***Conform to the action the law prescribes; failure to conform imposes penalties.***

This particular law states: ***Right behavior is logical and moral, and it succeeds; contradictory behavior is illogical or immoral, and it fails.***

When Wetherill identified the law, he called it the ***law of absolute right*** and spent decades teaching people that conformity to that law enabled them to start a new life and to recover from previous failures.

Natural laws exist in reality. The principle stated above tells people that conformity to the law of absolute right is mandatory and that nonconformity accounts for society's chaotic, deadly affairs.

Wetherill considered it the super-natural law, as all natural laws require strict conformity to their function or penalties are imposed. The ultimate penalty for not conforming to nature's behavioral law, sooner or later, results in death of the body, which explains why death is universally thought to be inevitable.

While people tend to dispute that concept, is there any evidence that their management of human affairs has established peace, stopped criminal activity, preserved life, or eliminated any other unwanted results?

Despite all human efforts to produce a peaceful and productive society, society remains an adversarial and afflicted entity composed of a wide spectrum of do-gooders at one end and terrorists at the other; everybody reacting to the realities of life with irrational judgments that contradict natural law.

Theorize that whoever or whatever is the creator awaits human adjustment to the ***law of absolute right***, knowing that people's well-being depends on taking *right action in every moment of every situation.*

Lacking understanding, even infants form irrational thoughts. Later, those who become heads of nations, influential savants, or persons of no status are influenced by those same infant thoughts in their adult decisions, adding irrational elements that critics hold against them.

In addition, people form personal plans made up of likes and dislikes, wants and don't wants that contradict natural law and cause seemingly endless trouble. Could that be what the creator intends? We think not– based on the communication received from natural laws, providing for everybody's total well-being.

Today those who take pride in *their* plans say this information is demeaning when, in fact, it is the most liberating ever provided humanity. But descriptive words are powerless. *The power to change behavior is found in perceiving and acting on the reality of all natural laws, not in the words used to define them.*

For example, acting in accord with the reality of natural laws assures conformity to the plan of whoever or whatever is the creator. And as people reason exclusively from those laws, they become aware of a higher purpose in life. A purpose being communicated from the law of absolute right, informing them that natural laws express the creator's plan ultimately to create a peacefully vibrant, productive society!

For additional information about nature's behavioral law, visit our Website www.alphapub.com. To speak with someone about the books and/or to request a free mailing, call 1.800.992.9124. If you reach voice mail, *slowly* spell your name and address and mention the specific publication where you learned about The Alpha Publishing House. Or write to us at 1101 Enterprise Dr., PO Box 255, Royersford, PA 19468-0255. Our mailing list is never distributed.

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The Morning After

My transition from senior to citizen **BY BEN CONNIFF**

AT YALE'S COMMENCEMENT, graduates traditionally smoke clay pipes and then trample them to suggest that the pleasures of college life are ended. I participated in this tradition not long ago, but the symbolism didn't hit me with full force until the next morning. At 7 a.m., I punched a time clock and entered the working world. While my peers were off to grand pursuits—backpacking trips through Europe, banking in New York City—I was beginning a two-week stint as a Yale custodian. Thus it came to pass that I was paid to haul out the pleasures of my college life with the trash.

I had just pulled an all-nighter, packing and saying goodbye to friends, so I was bleary-eyed when my boss (think a less passive, more aggressive Nurse Ratched from *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*) led us into the courtyard. The neo-Gothic building where I had lived seemed to have vomited refuse from every orifice: old tools from the basement, trash bags from the entryways and even a mattress that someone had hurled from a second-story window, almost clearing the beautiful flower bed below.

Why should this squalor shock me? After all, I'd tried hard to debunk Ivy League stereotypes: no, I'd tell friends, we don't live in castles sipping expensive wine and playing croquet all the time. But the week leading up to my commencement forced a reality check. First of all, we did live in castles. Yale's 12 residential colleges are beautiful, historical structures behind wrought-iron gates. They're even surrounded by moats.

Furthermore, during that week we enjoyed our share of fine wine—at a wine tasting, an art gallery exhibition, a lavish banquet and at our commencement ball (all with open bars). To further educate our palates, the college treated us to marathon tastings of micro-brewed beer and single malt scotch. Finally, there was the capstone of my undergraduate career: the annual croquet match. We seniors assembled in the courtyard wearing 19th-century dress to challenge the college fellows.

That same night my friends and I threw a midnight cookout in our courtyard. After grilling and boozing for five hours, I was hot, grimy, and . . . disoriented. More important, I had lost my keys. Seeing no recourse, I collapsed and went to sleep on the grass. In my delirium I half expected to be consumed by this place, my body incorporated particle by particle into the soil. Instead I woke up with a cold and a hangover.

Now, at 7 a.m., the sheen of luxury had vanished like a Shakespearean fairy's feast. I had traded my boater hat and croquet britches for gym shorts, T-shirt and dirty sneakers. My assigned cleaning companion was a lifer custodian named Butch. A tiny man with fuzzy gray hair and oversize glasses, Butch left work each day smiling and saying "I love yiz all," to which his co-workers invariably responded that we loved him, too.

But at this moment, Butch was staring into a plastic bag and muttering, "Who the hell are these people?" A quick glance confirmed my worst fear: the bag was mine. It was bursting with things my roommates and I no longer needed: funny hats, plastic dart guns, a beer funnel—even a scribbled notebook here and there. But I wasn't about to admit this to Butch. That was me yesterday; today I was a custodian. Four years of debauchery had finally given way to what I'd always dreaded: a real job.

"This place is ridiculous," I said as I took the bag from Butch. I swallowed the lump rising in my throat, tied the bag shut with a double knot and tossed it in the dumpster.

BEN CONNIFF *is a writer living in Brooklyn.*

EDWIN FOTHERINGHAM